

Agents sending in subscriptions without remittance must state distinctly how long they are to run.
Agents are personally charged with and held responsible for unpaid subscriptions sent in by them.

VOL. XIII. No. 47.

CONGRESSIONAL

THE PENSION SERVICE BILL, AND PENSIONS GENERALLY.

The Pittance With Which Men, Said to Have Made the County What It Is, Are Rewarded By a Generous and Appreciative Nation—Big Words and Small Deeds—The Corrupt Purposes That Lurk Behind the Ostensible Largess.

For weeks the House has had the Service-Pension bill on the anvil. It is said that the bill is a political move of President Roosevelt to ingratiate himself with the voters. The Democrats in the House seem to think so, and also to think that the trick is clever. They dare not oppose it too strenuously. Even those who oppose talk themselves over to the side of the principle involved. Now, what is that "principle?"

Hitherto the pensions were bestowed upon veterans who could show that they had been crippled, or to their wives. The Service-Pension bill proposes to pension all those who did service in the Civil War, whether they were permanently injured or not. The principle upon which this largess is to be exercised may be gathered from the arguments of the Republicans and Democrats who advocate it. Here are some of their utterances:

"To the survivors of that war we owe a debt of gratitude which we can never repay."

"There should be no mean, carping spirit manifest itself in the matter of pension claims."

"Never let us be guilty of base ingratitude toward those who have made this country all that it is to-day—the grandest, wealthiest of all the world."

The list of such passages might be extended indefinitely. The few given will suffice. They denote a recognition of service done the country by the soldiers of the war. They recognize that the soldiers' work laid the foundation for and made possible the raising of the nation's mammoth structure of wealth; finally, the passages recognize that the reward should not be made in a mean and carping spirit. But there is a further statement made by the advocates of the bill. It is this:

"From all sides appeals come for help from our soldiers or their widows."!!!

It should not need this last clause to justify expectation to soar. It is enough to know that these Republican and Democratic Congressmen hold that the soldiers of the Civil War saved the nation and that their reward should be marked by everything but meanness, in order to justify the expectation that real bounties, subsidies that ARE subsidies, are to be showered upon them from the nation's overflowing horn of plenty. The additional circumstance that these soldiers or their widows are discovered to be in actual want, that they are actually appealing for help, cannot choose but turn expectation into a reality. Saviors of the land in actual want! Why, they must be speedily RELIEVED! Such would be the conclusion. The verification sends the conclusion down with a dull thud.

About 100,000 pensions are to men (or their widows) who trace their disabilities directly to their service. Of this number the largest contingent, 37,410 receive—how much? Just \$6 a month! The highest amount \$11.75 a month, is received by only 11 of them; while others receive as little as \$2 a month—all that for having saved the nation!—all that in the spirit of generosity! The present Service-Pension bill, "spurred by gratitude and by the nation's overflowing prosperity," proposes to place on the pension rolls all those who served ninety days and were honorably discharged, and the widows of all such, at the rate of—how much?—remember our gratitude—remember the work to be rewarded—remember our prosperity—they are to receive \$12 a month!!!

The involuntary question arises, are these Congressmen fools, or are they knaves? Do they imagine that people who are "appealing for help" can be really helped by such a pittance? Can it be these Congressmen do not realize the incompatibility between the deed to be rewarded and the "reward"? Can it be they do not know their action is rather an insult than a compliment?

The fact of the matter is that the Congressmen do not stop to consider any of these things, simply because such considerations, like the flowers that blossom in spring, have nothing to do—with THEIR case. Not individual \$12 bonuses are preoccupied their minds. They are thinking of something else. About 225,000 veterans, it is calculated, will come in under the law, or, to put it now more accurately, will be the sunken piers on which the law will rise and its steerers squelch upon. It is not the individual \$12 bonuses our Congressmen are thinking

(Continued on page 6.)

WEEKLY PEOPLE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1904.

PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR.

BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

[Translated for The People by Gottfried Ollendorf, New York City.]

C.rades, before I enter on my address I have to communicate to you that the movers propose a change in resolution No. 130, submitted by Kautsky, Singer and myself. Before we came to an understanding each of us three had prepared a resolution. Late last night, after a meeting of the executive committee, at half-past nine, we entered into a conference which lasted until midnight. The copyist of the resolution has overlooked that section 1, as it stands at present, was rejected by all three of us, also by its author, and that the following substitute, which I now propose to you, was agreed upon:

"The convention demands that, while the party lays claim to the occupation of the respective positions of a first vice-president and of a secretary of the Reichstag by candidates of its own body, it still refuses to assume any duties, as far as court ceremonies are concerned, nor any obligations, not founded in the constitution of the empire or the order of business of the Reichstag."

Now it has been resolved unanimously that, while the official title of the present subject comes under the heading, "Tactics," still the Reichstag election, its result and its significance, as far as the future attitude of the party, in the relation to the Reichstag delegation is concerned, should be made the subject of special discussion.

This resolution is justified by the fact that, after the elections, not alone within the party, but also by the foreign comrades, who greatly rejoiced in the result of the elections,—even by our opponents,—the question was raised: "What will the Social-Democracy do after this most unexpected success?" This question voiced the opinion that these results regarding the future activity of the Social Democratic delegation in the Reichstag were of such significance as probably to be able to bring about an entire change of tactics of the delegation, respectively, of the party. Particularly one paper frequently referred to in the last few days—it was not the Zukunft,—right after the election, in an editorial from an entirely objective standpoint, considered the question, if the party would also in the future adhere to its seemingly negative tactics. Also Kautsky, in the next number of the "Neue Zeit" under the title "What Now?" raised the selfsame question. The article contained quite brilliant passages; still, after its perusal, I was not any wiser than before, a thing which does not happen very often to me with Kautsky's articles. I said to myself: "He has asked: 'What Now?' but he has not found a proper answer." But also the foreign Party Press, especially the "Wiener Arbeiter-Zeitung," which I always read with the greatest interest, has discussed similar ideas. It will therefore

be my duty, in the first place, to treat the question: "What are the changes brought about by the elections of last summer and what influence are they able to exert upon the attitude of the party, and especially upon the tactics of the delegation in the Reichstag?"

In the last election our vote rose from 2,107,000 to 3,010,000 approximately—the exact count not being finished as yet. This is a gain of over 900,000, or about 43.7 per cent., but it should be remembered that since 1898 the population has increased 8 per cent. The number of voters has probably grown in a somewhat larger ratio, as the average duration of life of the German people has heightened. Furthermore, a more active participation in the elections was displayed than in the year 1898. Nearly all parties added to their vote of 1898, although the gain of no party is as large as ours. In 1898 we had 58 representatives; in 1903 the number has risen to 81. In 1898 the delegation amounted to 14.6 per cent. of the total of the members of the Reichstag, in 1903 to 20.4 per cent.

In the main the victories of the Social-Democracy have been gained at the cost of the progressive bourgeois parties. Still, we also have gained a number of centre districts,* even some conservative districts, and we surely would have done so to a much larger extent if the circumstances would have favored us a trifle more. On the other hand, the liberal bourgeois parties lost considerable, mainly to our benefit. In general, then, no prominent change in the number of the representatives of the opposition has taken place only, the half-and-quarter men have been eliminated and we have taken their places. In so far, then, as the number of men, which, in the next Reichstag, will have to advocate civil liberty, and especially the interests of the working classes, has been perceptibly augmented, a marked change in favor of the opposition to the government has been effected; but, as far as decisions by vote are concerned, particularly in important matters, hardly any change may be expected. In this Reichstag also the centre has two majorities at its disposition. If the Centre combines with the Right, and the National-Liberals, upon whom it can depend in almost all cases, it has the majority, and if it makes common cause with the Left, which will be a rarer occurrence in the next Reichstag than in any previous one, and which will never happen in the case of any really important question, there will be a Left majority, with whom rests the decision. ("Quite right!")

On the other hand, the result of the election will cause a much closer coalition of the Right. The fear of the bourgeois, which already manifested itself at the second elections and caused a majority of the partisans of the bourgeois to vote against the Social-Demo-

crats—even if it was in favor of the most rabid reactionist—this fear will express itself even stronger in the future by the parties in the Reichstag, especially by the Centre. ("Quite right!") It is my firm conviction that in the future the Centre, and, with it, the parties of the Right, will be inclined to act in the Reichstag in a more retrogressive manner than heretofore. ("Quite right!") Let us not deceive ourselves on this point. It is quite characteristic that the "Kreuz-Zeitung," under the direct influence of the result of the main election, wrote as follows: "The exigency of the time commands and compels, in spite of all objections, to banish from political life the battle between Rome and Wittenberg." (Hear! hear!) A battle which, for the space of almost four centuries, has split the German empire, a battle which, in its totality, has exercised up to this day a monstrously unsalutary influence upon the whole mental and industrial development of the German empire,—this battle shall now recede, more and more; a closer coalition shall be formed, but not in order to promote the rights and liberties of the nation, but to the contrary, in order to retard and to repress them. ("Quite right!") This, then, is the result which has accrued to the bourgeois parties, especially to those of the right, in consequence of this election. That thus it had to come could not have been a secret to the attentive observer for many years.

On account of this qualification the German Emperor, with his impulsive ways, is also for us a very welcome personality in many directions. By his attitude we are enabled to gauge in a high degree the tendencies at the deciding locations. We are enabled by the position which he assumes to exactly observe how the wind blows, and the relation in which the representative of the only Protestant empire in the world has placed himself since a number of years towards the supreme head of the Catholic church and of the higher and lesser Catholic clergy, is symptomatic in the highest degree, and shows the direction of the current; "Backwards, backwards, Don Rodrigo! Ever backwards!" ("Very good!")

Perhaps this is not of wholly insignificant moment, in view of the fact that just now our party has gained votes in such a prominent measure.

We know quite well and we have never denied it,—it surely is no shame, but rather does us honor,—that at all elections, perhaps with the exception of the first ones under the Socialist law, when it was dangerous to vote our ticket, a good many votes were cast for our candidates by people who, for the time being, did not declare themselves Social-Democrats. These are the so-called sympathizers. The motives of these people are of various kinds, but, of course, cannot be determined in detail. Still, as we have such sympathizers, we may admit that in the same ratio as the party in its entirety grows, so also has it increased the number of sympathizers. But it is certain, on the other hand, that,

*The centre represents the interest of the Catholic church.

may the number of sympathizers have increased or decreased at any single election, the Social-Democracy itself has gained votes at an ever increasing rate with the immutability of a natural law,—even if any sympathizer did desert the party at any succeeding election, a new one always took his place, and as the numerical strength of the sympathizers has grown; so also has this been the case with the Social-Democrats who have adhered to the party. ("Quite right!") This is what decides, what satisfies extraordinarily. Come what will in this regard, we may and can firmly depend upon our followers. No comrade, no sympathizer, could have been in doubt whom he chose when he voted for a Social-Democrat. For if our candidates and pamphlets should have neglected to make this clear, our agitation work has been taken up by our opponents, who have represented us in so black a light, have painted us in such lurid colors, that I have said to myself quite often: "Such scarecrows have they made out of us! and still these scarecrows have received so many votes, it is astonishing."

All attempts at intimidation have been useless with these men, who only said to themselves: "You may talk, you may abuse, you may slander to your hearts' content, we still vote for a Social-Democrat!" (Applause.) But there is another question which has to be put: What are the different influences which have helped to augment the number of our partisans to such a degree? There cannot be any doubt that ill-will, dissatisfaction, yes, even indignation over our completely unsettled interior conditions penetrate ever enlarging circles of the German people. The heedlessness of our interior and foreign politics has caused ever widening circles of the population to seriously reflect, and drives them into the arms of the one party, which until now, has marched on its way in a clear, concise manner, conscious of its final purpose. It is the complete stagnation, if not the open retrogression, in the procurement of the necessities of modern life—not alone in the empire, but also in the individual states—which leads numerous elements into the Social-Democracy; it is the miserable financial policy of State and Empire; it is the planlessness and purposelessness of our commercial policy. One has not dared—and with this government has ever reproached the Agrarians—to take a decided agrarian position, but much less has one dared to be anti-agrarian, and thus a situation has been created which, within the next few years, cannot but be the cause of the most disastrous consequences for the economical condition of the nation, because all that we predicted in the so-called obstruction battle—when, according to the progressive bourgeois press, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" in particular, ours were such deplorable tactics—has come to pass. The governments have received their revenue tariff! Now they shall go to work. They have got to work, and are standing in the ministerial departments, and are compelled—as an official Russian paper expresses itself—first to smell each other,

in order to find out their mutual relations. While at the last session of the Reichstag, immediately after the passage of the revenue tariff, the Agrarian majority demanded that the government, irrespective of effect, abrogate the commercial treaties, and while hope existed that during the fall session of the Reichstag new commercial treaties would be considered, to-day the greatest probability exists that the next Reichstag, even if its session should last until spring, will hardly be able to consider a commercial treaty at all.

There exists a complete want of leadership in the interior and exterior politics, a suddenness, an external flopping; now to the right, now to the left; to-day forwards, to-morrow backwards! I know there are people in the upper regions which awake every morning with the question: if not—even during the night—a keg of powder has been exploded (laughter), if not decisions of great consequence have been made about which they ought to have been consulted, but in reality have been not.

Furthermore, the politics of the army and navy departments, which have been the cause of enormous expenses, have produced the greatest discontent among great masses of the people. Again, it is our world-politics, in which we have been worsted, as in China, Hayti, Venezuela, etc. Wherever the proud army, and also partly wherever the proud navy had anything to do, the results have been out of all proportion with the immense costs. All this must be clear to-day even to the plainest man of the people. Besides, he hears over and over of a new army estimate, a new navy estimate, new colonial plans. All over the world, wherever a nail may be driven in, we want to hang up our sign. Of all this hears the citizen. He knows he is who has to sacrifice his sons for the army and navy; he knows that the taxes must be raised, that all these are expenses from which no advantage whatsoever accrues, and that in the proportion in which all this grows and rises no state of higher peace and security does enter, but rather to the contrary, that the whole state of unrest and disruption will be heightened. ("Very good! quite right!") The danger of a catastrophe grows in the same ratio as all these military preparations increase. Again, he knows that, in the first place, the great masses of the people have to carry the expenses of all these enterprises, and that, on the other hand, it is exactly the classes which support this kind of politics and the war-like preparations who are almost wholly exempt from the burdens of this sort of politics. ("Quite right.") All these expenses are shovelled upon the working classes, and thus it ever will be, in spite of the beautiful assurances of the Centre, that, if in future new taxes should be needed, it would demand that the great masses of the people be not exploited any further. All this is only talk, only wind. That things will stay as of old, the result of the last change in the secretaryship of the imperial Treasury Department amply proves.

(To be continued next week.)

Contributed by General Secretary James O. Moroney.

logical position Griffiths & Co. placed them in, and said they would vote for two Socialists to fill up their ticket. The official gangs of the corrupt Political Labor League advised them to throw their votes away scientifically on two Socialists, a female candidate, a dummy local journalist and the two Protectionists.

At the great mining centre of Broken Hill, the official organ of the miners there advised them to vote Griffith, Thomson and Moroney, and they largely did. In Chneucable mining district, the same vote was given to a less extent. We protested against it, and said we wanted no votes from any man or woman who was not prepared to vote for our full ticket, and who conscientiously believed in our principles, methods, tactics, etc.

One of the chief factors which carried the elections in this State were the women of sectarianism. The women, voting for the first time, were organized by the parsons, and voted solidly for the Capitalist Free-trade ticket. An aggressive Capitalist parson led the Protestants, while the Catholic women, not so well organized, voted just as solidly on the other side. The Capitalists and middle class women voted in thousands, and were more solid than the men against Labor, and for the Parson, Priest and Capitalism.

The three men elected as Senators are insults to intelligence, and were elected as the puppets of the daily Capitalist organs, who suppressed every other candidate, especially the L. P. Griffiths' (Labor Capitalist) vote was

(Continued on page 6.)

FIRST IN FIELD

NEW JERSEY S. L. P. NOMINATES PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Candidates for Governor and Congress Also Selected—Elizabeth Convention Realizes Importance of Coming Campaign and Prepares Accordingly.

GOVERNOR.

George P. Herrschaft.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

Henry Schmid, Abraham D. Herschmann, August Schroeder, Herman Landgraf, Charles Becker, John Hossack, Albert Grieb, William Creter.

Essex County to nominate remaining four

CONGRESS.

First District.....Ernest Romary
Second District.....Edward Glmore
Third District.....Rudolph Katz
Fourth District.....Charles Sperte

The twenty-first annual convention of the Socialist Labor Party of New Jersey, held at Elizabeth, N. J., on Sunday, Feb. 7, 1904.

The convention was called to order at 10.30 a. m. by the Secretary of the S. E. C.

Wm. Walker, of Essex, was elected temporary chairman. George P. Herrschaft, of Hudson, temporary secretary.

Comrades May, of Union; Ott, of Essex; Berdan, of Passaic, and C. E. Herrschaft, of Hudson, were elected a committee on credentials.

The committee on credentials reported favorably on the following delegates:

Essex—M. Hoffmann, F. Rapp, H. L. Rubowitz, A. Ott, W. Walker, A. P. Wittels and F. W. Wilson.

Hoboken—Carl Toepfer and Arthur Mende.

State Committee—Charles E. Maeder. Passaic—John C. Butterworth, E. P. Romary and Richard Berdan.

North Hudson—E. A. Silberberg and A. L. Fricke.

South Hudson—Harry Oakes, Chas. E. Herrschaft, Nicol Getzold and John Hossack.

Union—M. McGarry and Ferdinand May.

The convention then went into permanent organization, with W. Walker, chairman; J. C. Butterworth, vice-chairman, G. P. Herrschaft, secretary, and F. C. Durkholz, sergeant-at-arms.

Committees were elected on:

Ways and Means—Hossack, Rapp and Berdan.

Press and Literature—Silberberg, Wilson and May.

Auditing—Hoffman, Fricke and Butterworth.

Resolutions—Walker, McGarry, Rubowitz, Maeder and Wittels.

REPORTS.

The State Committee submitted the following report:

Comrades—The year 1903 was, as far as your committee was concerned, an eventful one, despite the fact that only local elections took place.

Acting in accordance with the mandate of the last convention, held at Union Hill, on Feb. 1, 1903, a call was issued to the several sections of the S. L. P. to elect delegates to the S. E. C.

The first meeting was held on Sunday, March 25th, and credentials presented as follows: North Hudson, A. L. Fricke; Hoboken, J. N. Dietrich; Passaic, R. Berdan; Union, M. McGarry; South Hudson, Harry Oakes.

The officers were elected by general vote. They were: Secretary, George P. Herrschaft; financial secretary, August L. Schroeder; treasurer, Wm. Thummell.

At the earnest solicitation of the N. E. C., an attempt was made early in May to place an agent in the field for the party press, and Comrade R. Berdan, of Passaic, was selected for this purpose. This agency was discontinued, owing to expense, after a few months' trial.

THE KLAWANSKI CASE.

At the meeting of August 9th, the Secretary of Section South Hudson reported the arrest and imprisonment of Comrade Herman Klawanski, of Section South Hudson, for speaking for the S. L. P. in the streets of Bayonne.

The secretary was at once ordered to engage counsel to fight the case, which is to come up before the Supreme Court of the State, on the third Tuesday in February.

Owing to some little friction which grew out of this case, in which the status and power of this committee was questioned, your committee, at its meeting on October 11th, 1903, adopted the following resolution, the same to be placed before this convention for discussion:

Resolved, That the State Executive Committee of the S. L. P. of New Jersey considers that all agitation and agitators whether for the S. L. P. or for the S. T. & L. A. as under its jurisdiction, in accordance with the sense and scope of the last State and National Con-

(Continued on page 6.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904, by the New York Lasso News Co.

PART II.—THE CRUSADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SYRIAN DESERT.

The sun of Palestine inundates with its blinding and scorching light, a desert covered with reddish sand. As far as the eye reaches, not a house is seen, not a tree, not a bush, not a blade of grass, not a pebble. Not a sparrow could find shelter in this vast expanse. Everywhere a shifting sand, fine as ash, radiates back in more torrid temperature the heat imparted to it by that flaming sun, vaulted by a fiery sky that dips in the western horizon into a zone of burning vapor. Here and yonder, half buried in the waves of sand that are periodically raised by the gales of these regions, appear the whitened bones of men and children, horses, asses, oxen and camels. The flesh of these bodies has been devoured by vultures, jackals and lions. The Saracen proverb is verified: "The Christians find here shelter only in the belly of the vultures, the jackals and the lions!" These decomposing human and other debris trace across the desert the route to Marhala, a city situated ten days' march from Jerusalem,—the holy city toward which converge the several armies of the Crusaders from Gaul, Germany, Italy and England, marching to the conquest of an empty tomb.

If in this solitude there are skeletons and corpses half devoured, there are also dying and living beings. Numerous are the dying, few, on the contrary, the living; and the latter would count themselves happy if the dead and the dying around them were the worst of their plight. Here are the Crusaders, who, in their credulity, left the year before the "ungrateful soil of the Occident" for the "miraculous land of the Orient," where they arrived after a voyage of eleven or twelve hundred leagues. The bulk of the army that left Gaul, then under the command of Bohemund, Prince of Tarento, slowly melted away yonder, in the midst of the thick cloud of dust raised by the marching Crusaders. In their wake followed a long train of stragglers, scattered helter-skelter,—women, children, the wounded, the infirm, the sick, a mass of wretchedness dying of thirst, heat and fatigue. Here and there they drop down by the way in this boundless desert, never to rise again.

The least to be pitied among these stragglers are those who, having lost their horses, resolutely mounted an ass, an ox, a goat, occasionally one of those huge Syrian mastiffs, three feet in height. They thus drag along at the gait of the animal they ride, their swords on their side, their lances at their backs. In order to protect themselves from the consuming heat, that, descending at right angles on their skulls, often caused insanity or death, they carry strange head-pieces. Some shelter their heads under a piece of cloth spread out by means of sticks, that they hold in their hands in the manner of a dais; cleverer ones have plaited the dried leaves of the date plant into broad chaplets that shade their brows; the larger number wore a species of mask made of shreds of cloth, and perforated with a hole at the place of the eyes to protect their eye-lids from a dust so scorching and copious that it produced painful inflammations, and often led to death.

At a great distance from these Crusaders followed the foot-passengers in grotesque costumes, and sinking to their knees in the shifting sand, whose mere burning contact rendered intolerable the excoarication of their feet, worn to the quick by the road. Their limbs bandaged in dirty rags, the wounded tramped along painfully, leaning on their staffs. Women, gasping for breath, carried their children on their backs, or dragged them heaped upon rude sledges that they pulled after them with the aid of their husbands. Among these wretches, almost wholly in tatters, some were seen in bizarre accoutrement. There were men, who barely covered with a crazy frock-coat, yet sported on their heads a rich turban of Oriental material; others, out at toes, wore a splendid cloak of embroidered silk, dashed with spots of blood, like all the other spoils of pillage and massacre.

Suffocated with stifling heat, blinded with the dust that the march raised, streaming with perspiration, parched with a devouring thirst, their skins burnt by the sun, ill of humor, gloomy and discouraged, these wretched beings were tramping along, muttering imprecations against the Crusade, when they perceived a numerous and brilliant cavalcade approaching through thick clouds of dust from a great distance in the rear. At the head of the cavalcade and mounted upon a spirited Arabian horse, black as ebony, advanced a young man in splendid accoutrements. It is William IX, the handsome Duke of Aquitaine, the impious poet, the contemner of the Church, the seducer of Malborgiane, whose portrait he carried in Gaul upon his shield. But Malborgiane is now forgotten and cast off, like so many other victims of this great debauchee. William IX is advancing at the head of his men-at-arms. His face at once bold and bantering, is partially covered by a wrapper of white silk that falls upon his shoulders. The outlines of his elegant and supple figure are set off by a light tunic of purple color; his broad hose, worn loose in Oriental style, exposes his boots of green leather, wrought in silver and tipped with gold. William carries neither arms or armor. With his left hand he guides his horse; on his right, covered with a gauntlet of embroidered leather, sits his favorite falcon, hooded in scarlet and its legs ornamented with little gold bells. Such is the courage of this bird that often does its master fly it against the vultures of the desert, as he more than once starts against the hyenas and jackals, the large hunting dogs with red collars that, breathing heavily, follow his horse. At the crupper of his prancing horse is a negro boy, eight or nine years of age, and quaintly arrayed. He carries a large parasol, whose shade shelters the head of William. At the right of the duke, and towering above him with its large body, ambles a camel richly caparisoned. Another negro boy guides the animal seated in front of the double litter, which, closed in with silken curtains, is fastened with girths to the back and body of the animal, and is so contrived that in each of its compartments a person can be comfortably seated, protected from the sun and the dust. William often ensconced himself in one of them.

Beside William, rode the chevalier, Walter the Pennyless. Before his departure on the Crusade, the Gascon adventurer, pale, bony and tattered, bore a strong resemblance to the poor devil sketched on the upper part of his shield. Now, however, thanks to the sumptuousness of his dress, the knight recalls the second picture on his shield. From the pommel of his saddle hung a Venetian casque, which he had doffed for a turban, a more comfortable head-gear on the route. A long Dalmatic of light material, thrown over his rich armor, kept the latter from being heated in the burning rays of the sun. Of his poor equipment of yore, the Gascon preserved only his good sword, the Sweetheart of the Faith, and his little horse, the Sun of Glory. Surviving by the merest accident the perils and fatigues of the long passage, the Sun of Glory testified by the lustre of his coat to the good quality of the Saracen fodder, that he seemed to run short of as little as his master lacked provisions.

Behind these personages followed the equerries of the Duke of Aquitaine, carrying his standard, his sword, his lance and his shield, on which William was in the habit of carrying the pictures of his mistresses, the ephemeral objects of his libertine whims. Accordingly, the picture of Azenor the Pale, replacing that of Malborgiane, now occupied the center of the buckler; but, with a brazen refinement of corruption, other medallions, representing some of his numerous other concubines, surrounded the image of Azenor in token of homage.

The equerries led by the reins the duke's chargers, vigorous horses, covered and caparisoned in iron, carrying pendent from their saddles the several pieces of their master's armor. He could thus don his war harness when came the hour of battle, instead of supporting its oppressive weight during the long route. After the equerries came, led by black slaves taken from the Saracens, the mules and camels that were laden with the baggage and provisions of the duke. If hunger, thirst and fatigue decimated the masses, the noble Crusaders, thanks to their wealth, almost always escaped privations. One of William's camels was loaded with several bags of citron and large pouches filled with wine and with water,—inestimable commodities in a journey over the deserts.

About three hundred men-at-arms constituted the cavalcade of the Duke of Aquitaine. These cavaliers, the only survivors of a thousand warriors who departed on the Crusade, now habituated to battle, inured to fatigue and bronzed by the sun of Syria, had long braved the dangers of the murderous climate. Their heavy iron armor weighed on their robust bodies no more than a coat of gauze. Disdain for danger, together with ferocity, was depicted on their savage countenances. Many among them bore from the pommels of their saddles, as bloody trophies, some Saracen head freshly severed, and suspended from the single lock of hair that Mohammedans keep at the top of their skulls. The cavaliers of the duke were armed with strong ash or aspen-tree lances ornamented with streaming bannerets, and double-edged long swords, besides a battle axe or a spiked mace hanging from their saddles. Oval bucklers, hauberks or steel coats-of-arms, braces, greaves, iron jambards,—of such was their armor. The troop was rapidly riding through the bands of stragglers when a white slender hand parted the curtains of the litter beside which rode the duke, and a voice was heard calling:

"William, I am thirsty, let me have some water!"

"Azenor wishes to refresh herself," said the noble Crusader reining in his horse and turning to Walter the Pennyless. "Fetch some water for my mistress. I know woman's impatience. Besides, the lips must not be allowed to languish that ask for a fresh drink or a warm kiss!"

"Seigneur duke, I shall fetch the drink, do you take care of the kiss," retorted the adventurer turning his horse's head toward the baggage, while, stooping down on his horse, the duke pushed his head under the curtain.

"Oh, William, only the other day my lips were white and frozen. The fire of your kisses has returned to them their reddish hue."

"Which proves that I can perform as great prodigies as you, my beautiful witch."

"You quit giving me that name, William. It recalls the days I spent in the turret of Neroweg Worse than a Wolf, whom I execrate,—days of shame and trial to me, and whose memory haunts me."

"But you are well revenged for those days of shame. Count Neroweg is now poorer than the lowest of his serfs as a result of his losses at the gaming tables of Joppa where he met such consummate gamblers that they won from him five thousand gold besans, his silver plate, his baggage, his horses, his arms and even his sword. By Satan! I imagine I see that Neroweg, that Worse than a Wolf, that Count of Plouernel, so rudely plucked at the start of his Crusade, fighting with an old cap on for helmet, a stick for a lance, and for charger an ass, a goat or good Palestine mastiff!"

"Let's drop that sad topic, and talk about yourself, who have been the dream of my youth. Now that I am yours, I should feel happy, and yet my heart is cruelly tormented. Your inconstancy makes me despair. I am dying with jealousy. Can it be that that infamous Perrette the Ribald has her share of your caresses?"

"What a frisky and bold girl that Perrette is! After the seige of Antioch, cup in hand, her hair to the breeze—"

"Be still, William, I am jealous of her!"

"Poor Ribald! She must have died on the route. She never turned up again after that moment."

"I could have strangled her with my hands, and Yolande, also!"

"A ravishing girl! What a beautiful shape! A skin of satin! One imagines, seeing her, the Diana of old resurrected!"

"You are pitiless!" replied Azenor with a tremulous voice. "I hate those two women."

"Let others conquer Jerusalem! As to me, I'm satisfied with conquering German, Saxon, Bohemian, Hungarian, Walachian, Moldavian, Bulgarian, Greek, Byzantine, Saracen, Syrian, Moorish and negro beauties. Yes, by Venus! If I am anxious to enter Jerusalem, it is for the purpose of capturing the handsomest of the Arabian virgins."

"You bold and debauched fellow, it is not an only woman I have to fear for a rival! I am crazy for this man! Woo is me!"

"In order to appease your anger, I shall confide to you that there is a whole race your jealousy has nothing to apprehend from. Heavens and earth! the mere sight of a woman of that one breed would make me as chaste as a saint, and would turn your lover into another St. Anthony!"

"Of what race are you speaking?"

"Of the Jews!" answered the Duke of Aquitaine with a look of disgust. "Oh, when I had all the Jews and Jewesses exterminated from my seigniories, not one woman of that accursed species escaped the torture, and death!"

"Whence do you gather such a rage against those wretched people? What harm have they done you? You have shown yourself cruel towards them," said Azenor the Pale with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Blood of Christ! See me take a Jewess for mistress! a Jewess!" replied the duke, trembling anew. An instant later, wishing no doubt to disengage himself from the thoughts that haunted him, William cried out joyfully: "To the devil with the Jews, and long live Love! A sweet kiss, my charmer! A conversation on those infernal people leaves me an after-taste of sulphur and brimstone, as if I had tasted the kitchen of Satan! Let mine be the ambrosia of your kisses, of your passionate caresses, my loving one!"

A few distant cries and a tumult that broke out among the duke's men-at-arms interrupted his conversation with Azenor. He turned his head, and saw Walter the Pennyless riding towards him, holding a small vermilion cup in the hand that was free from his horse's bridle. "What noise is that?" asked the duke, taking the cup and passing it to Azenor.

"Seigneur duke, at the moment when your black slaves let down a pouch of water to fill this cup, into which I had first pressed the juice of two citrons and the sugar of one of the reeds found in this country and the marrow of which is as sweet as honey, the stragglers gathered around. 'Water! Water! I die of thirst!' cried some; 'My wife and children are dying for want!' cried others. By my sword, the Sweetheart of the Faith, never did frogs at a mid-summer drought croak more frightfully than those scamps. But some of your men-at-arms soon put an end to the frightful croaking, by laying about with their lances. The impudence of that rag-tag and bob-tail crowd is inconceivable! 'Where are those clear fountains that you promised us at our departure from Gaul?' they yelled in my ears; 'where are the refreshing shades?'"

"And what answer did you make, my merry Gascon, to those ignorant questioners?" asked the duke laughing, while Azenor, leaning out of the litter was imbibing and enjoying the contents of the little vermilion cup.

"I assumed the rude voice of my friend, Cuckoo Peter, and said to those brutes: 'Faith is a rich fountain that refreshes the soul. You have faith, ye soldiers of Christ. Dare you ask where are the shady gardens? Is not faith, besides a fountain, also an immense tree that spreads over the faithful its protecting branches? Rest yourselves, spread yourselves in that shade. Never will an earthly oak tree have afforded you a more delectable shelter under its leafy branches. Finally, if these various refreshments should not yet suffice you, then broil in the heat like fish under the sand!'"

"Well answered, my worthy Gascon!" And turning to his troop, the duke ordered in a loud voice: "On the march, and make haste, lest the army capture without us the city of Marhala, where a rich booty awaits us."

CHAPTER II.

SERF AND SEIGNEUR.

The cloud of dust raised by the troop of the Duke of Aquitaine was lost at a distance in a burning mist, whose reddish vapors were invading the horizon. Those among the stragglers who had resisted the fatigue, a consuming thirst, or painful wounds, followed haltingly, at great distances from one another, the road to Marhala, marked with so much human debris, above which flocks of vultures, for a moment frightened away, again leisurely flapped their wings. The last group of the stragglers had disappeared in the whirlwind of dust raised by the train, when three living creatures, a man, a woman and a child—Fergan, Joan the Hunchback and Colombaik—were left alone in the midst of the desert. Colombaik, dying with thirst, was stretched upon the sand beside his mother, whose sore feet, wrapped in blood-clotted rags, could no longer support her. On his knees beside them, his back turned to the sun, Fergan sought to shade his wife and child with his body. Not far from them, the corpses of a man and woman were in sight. An hour before the woman had succumbed to the agonies of childbirth, bringing forth a still child. The little being lay at the feet of its mother, almost shapeless, and already blackened and shriveled by the fiery sun. The man had been killed by the blow of a lance of one of the duke's men-at-arms for having tried to capture one of the water pouches.

Joan the Hunchback, seated beside Colombaik, whose head she held upon her knees, wept as she muttered: "Do you no longer hear me, dear heart? Do you not answer me?" The tears of the poor woman left their furrows on the dust-covered face of the child as they dropped, and ran down his cheeks to the corners of his parched lips. His eyes half shut, and feeling his face bathed in his mother's tears, Colombaik carried his fingers mechanically towards his cheeks and his mouth, as if seeking to quench his thirst with the maternal tears. "Oh!" muttered Joan, observing the motions of her child, "Oh, if but my blood could recall you to life!" And, struck by the idea, she said to the quarryman: "Fergan, take your knife and open one of my veins; we may be able to save the child!"

"I was myself thinking of letting him drink blood," answered Fergan; "but I am robuster than you—" and the serf stopped short, interrupted by the sound of a great flapping of wings above his head. He felt the air agitated around him, raised his eyes and saw an enormous brown vulture, its neck and head stripped of feathers, letting itself heavily down upon the corpse of the still-born child, seize the little body between its talons, and, carrying off its prey, rise into space emitting a prolonged cry. Joan and her husband, for a moment forgetful of their own agonies, followed with frightened eyes the circulating flight of the vulture, when the serf descried, approaching from afar, a pilgrim mounted on an ass.

"Fergan," said Joan to the quarryman, whose eyes were fastened on the pilgrim, as he drew nearer and nearer, "Fergan, weakened as you are, if you lose blood for our child, you will perhaps die. I could not survive you. Who, then, would protect Colombaik? You can still walk and carry him on your shoulders. As to me, I am beyond proceeding. My bleeding feet refuse to

carry me. Let me sacrifice myself for our child. You will then dig me a grave in the sand, that I be not eaten up by the vultures or the wild beasts."

Instead of answering his wife, Fergan said to her sharply: "Joan, spread yourself on the ground; do not budge; pretend to be dead, as I shall. We are saved!" Saying which the serf threw himself down flat on his stomach beside his wife. Already the heavy breathing of the pilgrim's donkey was heard approaching. Though prodded, the beast moved slowly and with great effort, its legs sinking up to the knees in the sand. Its master, a man of tall and robust stature, was clad in a tattered brown robe, that fell to his feet, shod in sandals. In order to protect himself against the heat of the sun, he had drawn over his head like a cowl the tippet of his robe, which was sprinkled over with shells and bore the red cross of the Crusader on the left shoulder. From the donkey's pack-saddle hung a knap-sack, together with a large pouch of water.

While drawing near the corpses of the man and the woman whose new-born child had just been carried off by the vulture, the pilgrim, speaking to himself, said in a low voice: "Dead bodies everywhere! The road to Marhala is paved with corpses!" Saying this he arrived near the place where Joan and Fergan lay motionless on the sand. "And still more dead bodies!" muttered the pilgrim, turning his head aside, and he kicked his mule with both heels to hasten its pace. Hardly had he gone a few steps, when, rising and springing forward with one bound, Fergan jumped on the crupper of the donkey, seized the traveler by the shoulders, threw him back and on the ground, and, placing both his knees on the pilgrim's chest, held him down while hurriedly calling: "Joan, there is a full pouch at the donkey's saddle, take it quick, and give our child to drink!" The courageous mother was not able to walk, but dragging herself on her knees and hands as far as the donkey, which had stood still after its master was thrown down, she succeeded in unfastening the pouch, and, weeping with joy she returned to her child, again dragging herself on her knees with the help of one hand while holding the pouch with the other, muttering: "Provided it is not too late, my God, and that our child can be recalled to life!"

While Joan hastened to give her child to drink in the hope of plucking him from the claws of death, Fergan was engaged in a violent struggle with the traveler, whose traits he could not distinguish, the tippet of the latter's robe having wound itself completely around his head. As robust as the quarryman, this man made violent efforts to extricate himself from the embrace of the serf. "I mean you no harm," Fergan was saying to him, continuing to struggle with his adversary. "My child is dying of thirst! you have in your pouch a precious beverage; I shall take it in the knowledge that you would have answered with a refusal, had I requested you for a few drops of the water that it contains."

"Oh, that I have not a single weapon to kill this dog who steals away my water!" groaned the pilgrim while redoubling his efforts to disengage himself. "In a minute I would have killed you; I would have cut you to pieces, vagabond!"

"I know this voice!" cried out Fergan, and brusquely pulling aside the folds of the tippet that covered the face of the traveler, the serf remained dumb with astonishment. Under him lay Neroweg, Worse than a Wolf!

The seigneur of Plouernel profiting by that moment of confusion, freed himself from Fergan's hold, rose, and thinking only of his pouch of water, cast his eyes about him. He saw a few steps away Joan, radiant with joy, yet tearful, on her knees near Colombaik, and holding the pouch which the child pressed with his two little hands, while he drank with avidity. He seemed to regain life in the measure that he slaked his consuming thirst.

"That bastard is drinking up my water!" Neroweg yelled with fury. "In this desert, water is life," and he was about to rush upon Joan and her child when the quarryman, recovering from his stupor, seized the Count of Plouernel between his robust arms: "We are not here in your seignior; you covered with iron and I naked! Here we are man to man, body to body! In the midst of this desert we are equals, Neroweg! I shall have your life, or you shall have mine. Fight for it!"

A terrific struggle ensued, in the midst of the cries of Joan and Colombaik, who trembled for husband and for father. The seigneur of Plouernel was a man of redoubtable strength; but the serf, although weakened with privation and fatigue, drew energy from his hatred of his implacable enemy. A Gallic serf, Fergan was struggling with a descendant of the Nerowegs! The combatants swayed forward and back, silent, desperate, breast to breast, face to face, livid, terrible, foaming with rage, palpitating with a homicidal ardor, furiously pressing each other, under a brassy sky, in the midst of thick clouds of dust raised by their own feet. On their knees, their hands joined in prayer, passing alternately from hope to fear, Joan and Colombaik dared not approach the two athletes, who ever and anon reappeared through the cloud of dust, frightful to behold. Suddenly the thud of a heavy fall was heard, simultaneously with the exhausted voice of Fergan: "Woe is me! Oh, my wife! Oh, my child!" Fergan lay prone upon the sand, vainly battling against Neroweg, who, having gained the upper hand, sought to strangle his adversary. He held him under his left knee while raising himself by his right leg that he stretched out with a violent effort. At the cries of despair, "My wife! My child!" emitted by the serf, Colombaik ran to his father, threw himself flat on the ground and clinging to the bare and stiff leg of Neroweg, the child bit him in the calf. The sharp and unexpected pain drew from the Count a scream, and he turned back sharply towards Colombaik. Fergan, thus freed from the grasp of his seigneur, lost no time to spring upon his feet, and now keeping the advantage, succeeded in throwing Neroweg down. Calling his son to his aid, the serf managed to pinion the arms of the Count with a long cord that held his own robe at the waist, and to bind his legs with the fastenings of his own sandals. Feeling his strength exhausted by this desperate combat, Fergan, ready to faint, covered with perspiration, threw himself on the sand beside Joan and her son. These hastened to approach to his lips the pouch in which there still was some water left, while the seigneur of Plouernel, breathing fast and broken, shot at the quarryman looks of impotent rage.

"We are saved!" said Fergan when he had slaked his thirst and felt his strength returning. "By husbanding the water still left in this pouch, we shall have enough to reach Marhala with. I have a provision of dates in my knap-sack. The ass will serve you and the child to ride on, my poor Joan. I can still walk. As to the seigneur of Plouernel," Fergan proceeded with a somber look, "he will soon need neither provision nor conveyance!" And rising to his feet, while his wife and child followed his movements with uneasy eyes, the serf approached Neroweg. The

(Continued on Page 3.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 5.)

seigneur, still stretched upon the sand, writhed in his hands, tugging to burst them; then, exhausted by his idle efforts, he lay motionless. "Do you recognize me?" asked the serf, crossing his arms on his breast, and looking down upon the fettered seigneur of Plouernel; "Do you recognize me? In Gaul you were my seigneur, I your serf. I am the grandson of Den-Brao the Mason, whom your grandfather, Neroweg IV, killed of hunger in the subterranean donjon of Plouernel. I am a relative of Bezenecq the Rich, who died under the torture, in the presence of his own daughter, herself going crazy with fear, and dying at the very moment when I was rescuing her from her cell. I had to dig her grave among the rocks that lie about the issue of the secret passage from your castle."

"By the tomb of the Saviour! Is it you, vagabond, who penetrated to the turret of Azenor the Pale? You helped her in her flight?"

"I went to look in your den for my child, whom you see yonder."

"Woe is me! I am alone in this desert, without arms, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of this vile serf. How comes this dog to have survived this long journey? A curse upon him!"

"I have survived in order to avenge upon you the wrongs you have perpetrated upon my kin. This is not the first time that a descendant of Joel the Gaul locks horns with a descendant of Neroweg the Frank. Before us, in the course of centuries, that rolled by, the ancestors of us two have met arms in hand. Fate so wills it. It is a war to death between our two races. The struggle, mayhap, will continue yet ages to come. Neroweg, I am the evil genius of your race, as you and yours are the persecutors of mine."

"That I should have to meet this miserable runaway serf, and find myself in his power in the midst of a Syrian desert!" muttered the seigneur of Plouernel, a prey to superstitious terror. "Jesus, my God, have mercy upon me! I am a great sinner! Mighty Saint Martin, come to my help!"

"Neroweg," proceeded Fergan, after a moment's reflection, "the heat grows suffocating, despite the sun's being veiled behind that reddish mist that is slowly rising heavenward. My wife and I shall not proceed on our journey until the moon rises. You and I shall have time to talk matters over, before taking leave of each other forever."

The seigneur of Plouernel contemplated the serf with a mixture of astonishment, defiance and terror. Fergan, exchanged a look with Joan, and sat down on the sand at a little distance from Neroweg. Indeed, the atmosphere was becoming so stifling that the travelers, panting for breath, and streaming in perspiration, yet, without making any motion, would have been unable to resume their journey.

"In Gaul, at your seignior, you were at once indicter, judge and executioner over your serfs. To-day, my seignior, is this desert! and you my serf! In my turn I shall be the indicter, the judge and the executioner. The indictment I shall draw up will be the recital of my journey. You may then, perhaps, understand the horror that you, seigneurs, inspire your serfs with, when you will have learned the dangers that we brave to escape your tyranny and enjoy a day of freedom. When we left your seignior, we were three thousand Crusaders, men, women, or children. Our numbers increased daily. Thus, after we had traversed Gaul from west to east, from Anjou to Lorraine, we were more than sixty thousand when we crossed over into Germany. Other troops of Crusaders, no less numerous than ours, and also proceeding from Gaul, to the north from Flanders, to the south from Burgundy or Provence, struck like ourselves the route for the Orient. After traversing Hungary and Bohemia, skirting the Adriatic to Wallachia, and following the banks of the Danube, we arrived at Constantinople. Thence we entered Asia Minor, and from Asia Minor we made into Palestine, where we now are. What a journey! For poor serfs, barefooted and in rags, the road is long. To tramp fifteen hundred leagues in

order to escape the oppression of the seigneurs! But unhappy serfs that we are! We flee the seigneurs, and the seigneurs pursue us into Palestine. The seigneur Baudouin seizes Edessa, and there you have a 'Count of Edessa'; Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon, takes Tripoli, and there you have a 'Prince of Tripoli.' When we shall have arrived in Galilee, in Nazareth, in Jerusalem, we may live to see a 'King of Jerusalem,' a 'Baron of Galilee,' a 'Marquis of Nazareth'—a full seigniorial hierarchy."

"This miserable serf has gone crazy," muttered the seigneur of Plouernel to himself. "He may, perhaps, forget to kill me."

"Our troop left Gaul, as I said, sixty thousand strong, under the lead of Cuckoo Peter and Walter the Pennyless. On the road the inoffensive inhabitants were pillaged, ravaged and massacred to the cry of 'God wills it!' Deceived on the length of the journey and in their ignorance, hardly had the Crusaders left Gaul, when, at the sight of each new town they asked: 'Is that Jerusalem?' 'Not yet,' answered Cuckoo Peter, 'we must march on!' And we marched. At the start it was a joy, a delirium, a triumphal procession! Serfs and villeins were the masters. People fled and trembled at our approach. The 'soldiers of Christ' sacked or burned the towns, set fire to the harvests, killed the cattle that they could not drag along, slaughtered old men and children, raped the women and then cut them to pieces, heaped up booty, and from city to city repeated the question: 'Is not that Jerusalem, either?' 'Not yet!' answered Cuckoo Peter and Walter the Pennyless. 'Not yet! March on, march on!' And we marched. The strangers, at first taken by surprise, allowed themselves to be pillaged and massacred by the 'soldiers of the faith.' But, soon apprised by report of the ravages committed by the Crusaders and of their ferocity, these were fought with determination, and so effectively were they cut down, that our troop, consisting of more than sixty thousand people at the start, numbered at its arrival in Constantinople only five or six thousand survivors. During the journey, through Asia Minor and Palestine, that number was reduced by one-half through battles, the pest, hunger, thirst and fatigue. Among the survivors, some, seized and kept for serfs of the new seigniories of Edessa, Antioch or Tripoli, have been forced to cultivate these lands for the seigneurs under the killing sun of the Holy Land. Others, and I am of the number, preferring freedom to renewed servitude, risked their lives in order to continue their march to Jerusalem. Some expect to find considerable booty in the Holy City; others imagine they will gain Paradise by rescuing the tomb of Christ. Of them all, I alone wish to reach Jerusalem, in order to see the places where, now a thousand and odd years ago, my ancestors, Genevieve, witnessed the death of the young man of Nazareth. This is how was accomplished the pilgrimage of those thousands of serfs and villeins, whose bones mark a long trail from the frontiers of Gaul to this place. Fatality drove them. They were forced to move on, or perish on the road. Thus, myself, fleeing from your seignior, to escape your gaolers, would but have been exposed to renewed servitude had I stopped in Gaul. Beyond the frontiers, to separate myself from the Crusaders, and take my chances with my wife and child among nations in arms against the 'soldiers of the cross,' would have been insanity. There was no choice but to march, and march again. Moreover, miserable as it was, yet our vagrant life was no worse than the life of serfdom. That's how it happened, Neroweg, that we meet here in the desert where you are mine, just as in your seignior I was yours,—at my will and mercy, in life and death. Do you understand?"

The seigneur of Plouernel muttered in a hollow voice, expressive of concentrated rage: "Oh, to perish by the hand of a vile serf!"

"Yes, you shall die. But I mean to make your dying hour a long-drawn torture. The vain-glory, the cupidity, the ambition of founding seigniories in the Orient, the hope of buying back your forfeitures and of escaping from the claws of the devil have driven you seigneurs to the Crusade! Oh, how stupid you were! How many of you, haughty seigneurs, after having sold or mortgaged your lands to the Church, are not this hour ruined by gaming and debauchery, and reduced to beg your way! How many have not been massacred or abandoned by your serfs a few miles from your seigniories! How many of you have not died of the pest or under the scimitar of the Saracen! Let this thought embitter your dying hour, Neroweg, you are about to die like a beggar midst the sands of Syria, while the Bishop of

Nantes, your mortal enemy, having slipped through your fingers, now enjoys the largest part of your domains! At this hour you groan with a rage that is impotent, and my vengeance begins."

"A curse upon that Italian priest whom I captured with the Bishop of Nantes! That Jeronimo turned my head speaking to me of the Crusade. He made me fear for my salvation, pointing out that the hand of God weighed heavy upon me by the death of one of my sons, killed by his own brother!"

"Both your sons are dead, Neroweg! I myself felled the fratricide with a blow of my iron bar at the moment he was about to do violence to the daughter of Bezenecq the Rich! Both the wolves and the whelps of the seigniories are beasts of prey and of carnage. They must be exterminated!"

"My son Gontram did not die, and Jeronimo promised me, in the name of God, that if I departed for the Crusade and let the Bishop of Nantes free, I would insure the recovery of my son. Oh, heart-broken at the sight of one son dead and the other dying, I was bereft of reasoning! I obeyed the priest and departed for Palestine,—to my greater undoing. Bitterly I repent the day!"

Fergan, struck at the tenderness that the seigneur of Plouernel had not been able to suppress at the mention of his son Gontram, said to him: "You love your son?"

Neroweg shot with his eyes daggers of hatred at the serf as he lay stretched out on the sand at the latter's feet. Two tears rolled down his savage face. But wishing to conceal his emotions from Fergan, he turned his head brusquely aside. Joan and Colombaik, having drawn near the quarryman, listened in silence to his dialogue with Neroweg. While the seigneur sought to hide his tears, the woman saw them and said in a whisper to her husband: "Despite his wickedness, that seigneur weeps at the thought of his son. His sorrow affects me."

"Oh, father," put in Colombaik, joining his hands, "if he weeps, be you merciful! Do not harm him!"

The serf remained silent a moment, then, addressing his seigneur said: "You are moved at the thought of your child, and yet you meant to have mine strangled. Do you imagine a serf has not, like you, a father's heart?"

Neroweg answered with an outburst of sarcastic laughter.

"What are you laughing about?"

"I laughed as I would if I heard an ass, or other beast of burden, talk about his 'father's heart,'" rejoined the seigneur of Plouernel. "You vagabond, were I not in your power now, I would kill you for the vile dog that you are!"

"In his eyes a serf has no more soul than a beast of burden!" repeated the quarryman. "Yes, this man speaks in the sincerity of his savage pride. He weeps for his own child. After all he is human. And yet, what is a serf to him? An animal without heart, reason or feeling! But why should I wonder? Neroweg cannot choose but share with his likes that opinion of our animal abjectness. Our craven attitude confirms it. Our conquerors are thousands, while we, the conquered, number millions, and yet we patiently bear the yoke. Indeed, never did more docile cattle march under the whip of a master, or stretch the neck to the butcher's knife!" After a moment's silence, Fergan resumed: "Listen, Neroweg! You are in my power, disarmed and fettered. I am about to fulfil a great act of justice by brain-ing you with my cudgel like a wolf caught in a trap. It is the death that you deserve. Had I a sword, I would not use it on you. But what you have just said has made me think and somewhat spoils my pleasure. I admit it; by reason of our brutishness and cowardice, we deserve to be looked upon and treated like cattle by you, our seigneurs. 'Tis true, we are as craven as you are ferocious, but if our cravenness explains your criminal conduct, it does not excuse it. So, you shall die, Neroweg! Yes, in the name of the horrid ills that your race has made mine suffer, you shall die! I only wish to keep a memento of you, a descendant of the Nerowegs," and Fergan leaned forward over the seigneur of Plouernel. The latter, believing his last hour had come, could not restrain a cry of anguish. But the serf only pulled from Neroweg's robe one of the shells that it was sprinkled with, as symbols of a pious pilgrimage. For an instant Fergan contemplated the shell with a pensive mien. Joan and her son, following with astonished and uneasy looks the movements of the quarryman, saw him raise his ragged kilt, that only half-covered his thighs, and detach a long belt of coarse cloth that was

wound around his waist. Inside the belt the quarryman carried several pious mementos, that had been handed down from generation to generation in his family, and which, before finally marching away with the troop of the Crusaders, he had taken with him. To them he added the shell he had just pulled from the robe of Neroweg VI. Refastening his belt, the serf cried out: "And now, justice and vengeance, Neroweg! I have accused you, judged and condemned you. You shall now die!" Looking around for his heavy and knotted staff, he grasped the massive implement with both his powerful hands, while his wife and child implored aloud: "Mercy!" The serf, however, throwing himself upon the seigneur of Plouernel planted one foot on the latter's breast: "No, no mercy! Did the Nerowegs know mercy for my grandfather, for Bezenecq the Rich, or for his daughter?" Saying which, the quarryman raised the cudgel over the head of Neroweg, Worse than a Wolf, who, gnashing his teeth, faced death without blanching. It would have been over then and there with the seigneur of Plouernel had not Joan embraced the knees of her husband, imploring him aloud: "For the love of your son, have mercy! Without the water that you took from this seigneur, Colombaik would have expired in the desert!"

Fergan yielded to the prayers of his wife. Despite the justice of the reprisal, it went against his nature to kill an unarmed enemy. He threw his staff far away; remained for an instant gloomy and silent and then said to his seigneur: "It is said that despite your crimes, you and your likes at times remain true to your vows. Swear to me, by the salvation of your soul and by your faith as a knight, to respect from this moment the life of my wife, of my child and of myself. I do not fear you so long as we are alone in this desert, but if I meet you at Marhala or Jerusalem with the other seigneurs of the Crusade, I and mine will be at your mercy. You could order us burned or hanged. Swear that you will respect our lives, I shall then have mercy upon you, and set you free."

"An oath to you, vile serf! To soil my word by passing it to you!" cried out Neroweg, and he added with another outburst of sardonic laughter: "As well might I give my word as a Catholic and a knight to the ass or any other beast of burden!"

"This is too much!" yelled Fergan exasperated, while he ran to pick up his club. "By the bones of my father, you shall die!" At the very moment, however, when the serf had anew seized the cudgel, Joan, clinging to his arm said with terror: "Do you hear yonder growing noise? . . . It approaches. . . . It rumbles like thunder!"

"Father," cried out Colombaik, no less horrified than his mother, "look yonder! The sky is red as blood!"

The serf raised his eyes, and, struck with the strange and startling spectacle, forgot all about Neroweg. The orb of the sun, already near the horizon, seemed enormous and of purple hue. Its rays disappeared at intervals in the midst of a burning mist which it lighted with a dull fire, and whose reflection suddenly crimsoned the desert and the air. The frightful spectacle seemed to be seen through some transparent glass tinted with a coppery red. A furious gale, still distant, swept over the desert and carried with its dull and prolonged moanings a breath as scorching as the exhalations of a furnace. Flocks of vultures fled at full tilt before the approaching hurricane, scurrying over the ground or dropping down motionless, palpitating, or uttering plaintive squeaks. Suddenly the sun, ever more completely eclipsed, disappeared behind an immense cloud of reddish sand that veiled the desert and the sky, and that advanced with the swiftness of lightning, chasing before it the jackals and the lions, that roared with fear, and rushed by, terror-stricken, a few steps from Fergan and his family.

"We are lost! This is a sand-spout!" cried out the quarryman. Hardly had the serf uttered these words of despair when he found himself enveloped by a sand cloud as fine as ashes, and dense as a fog. The mobile soil, hollowed, thrown up and upturned by the irresistible force of the sand-spout, opened at the feet of Fergan, who, with wife and child, disappeared under a sand wave. The gale furrowed, beat about and tossed up the sands of the desert as a tempest furrows, beats about, and tosses up the waters of the ocean.

(To be Continued.)

FOUR DOCUMENTS

That Throw Light on the So-called Russian Social Democratic Society and Kindred Things.

I.
Seal of the
R. S. D. S.
Esteemed Dr. Bama:

The Russian Soc. Dem. Society hereby invites you to take part in a banquet to be given on Thursday, February 11, in Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway, in honor of the 20th anniversary of the existence of the "Group of Emancipation of Labor." Price 50c.

J. Loupoloff, Secretary.
P. S.—You will kindly notify immediately whether you intend to be present, or not.

J. Loupoloff,
121 East 112th Street.

II.
Feb. 6, 1904.

Mr. J. Loupoloff,
Secretary Russian Soc. Dem. Society:

Dear Sir—Your official communication inviting me in the name of the Russian S. D. S. to participate in a banquet given under its auspices in honor of 20th anniversary of the "Group of Emancipation of Labor" at hand.

However I may cherish the aims and objects and tactical posture of "The Group of Emancipation of Labor," they being identical with those of the Socialist Labor Party of the United States of America—viz., the purity of principle, clearness of purpose, definiteness of aim and uncompromising, relentless war against all the foes of the liberating movement of the proletariat,—whatever may be my attitude toward the Revolutionary Movement in Russia, I indignantly refuse to participate in celebration of such a momentous affair under the auspices of an organization which is sailing here in America under false col-

ors, pretending to represent the Russian Revolutionary movement in this country and de facto serving as a stamping ground for a few scatter-brained "intellectuals" and would-be philosophers.

I absolutely decline to lend my presence and prestige to your intended undertaking—as little or as much prestige as a Socialist Labor Party man can give,—for the reason that your organization some five or six years ago, when the dust raised by the Debs confusion, with its colonization scheme, was beclouding the horizon, slapped the face of principle and well-established tactics by throwing whatever little influence it then possessed toward the side of confusion, and has virtually declared itself by an artificial majority at a purposely packed meeting in favor of the Debserie, and since then changing on to the dirty tail of the corrupt Social Democracy, thus sharing the responsibility for all the acts and misdeeds that party has committed.

I decline to meet on common ground men who, claiming to be Marxists in theory, are opportunists in practice by supporting here in this country a movement which, by its political log-rolling and downright corruption, is driving the revolutionary aspirations of the working class into the ground, and by vilifying the only bona-fide revolutionary movement in America, the Socialist Labor Party.

There can be no common ground for me, a "bigoted, narrow-minded fanatic," and you "broad-minded" people, who are after unity at the sacrifice of principle. The unity you are after is on a par with that sought by your party of many names, and it spells "discord."

Wishing success to "The Group of Emancipation of Labor," I remain your adversary,

L. Bama, M. D.
1 West 115th street, New York.

III.
Worthy and obliging pupil of a professor of lies and of an artist in mud-slinging:

Your answer to my invitation to take part in the celebration has given me and my friends a severe ache . . . in the belly, since we couldn't refrain from laughing for a whole half-hour. How ridiculous it was . . .

In answer to your mud-slinging, I consider it necessary to reply as follows:

1. In vain have you so diligently and so forcibly exploded with dish water. You would better save it so you could wash your face and the faces of the likes of yours, as it is befitting your saintly physiognomy.

2. Your comparing the S. L. P. with the G. E. L. (Group of Emancipation of Labor) is just as proper and fit as to compare a hideous organism in the process of decomposition repelling by its specific odor, with a powerful, fresh, sound and much promising growth.

I further call your attention to the fact that most of the members of our organization, with two or three exceptions, do not know of the existence of such a "hero" as you, and that I sent you an invitation at my own risk.

In inviting you I was confident that you, as a Russian intellectual, have preserved at least a bit of common sense.

. . . As it is, I was badly mistaken.

. . . That, instead of with a sensible and thinking man, I have to deal with a brainless parrot, silly repeating words and "ideas" of a notorious charlatan who is already nailed to the pillory before the Socialist world as a sworn enemy of free thought and of the proletariat struggling for emancipation.

Wishing you all kinds of success on the field of mud-slinging, I would at the same time advise to be careful not to choke

and drown in the mud you are throwing upon others.

You would appear ridiculous, were you not so miserably pitiful.

J. Loupoloff.
Feb. 10, 1904.

Mr. Loupoloff:
Dear Sir—Your highly dignified epistle of unknown date at hand.

I would not condescend to answer it were it not for the fact that I wish to make clear one point, and it is this:

My answer to your official invitation, which bears the seal of your organization and your signature as its secretary, was not, as you are well aware, directed to you personally, but as to an officer of an organization. Your last letter, however, does not bear any evidence of its being an official document, there being no seal of your society on it, nor does your name appear on it as an officer. You have unwittingly thrown off the mask and have shown as clear as day that The Russian Soc. Dem. Society is a family institution, that its official business is transacted at a family conclave without going through the necessary formality of consulting the rank and file, if such exist; in short, that you usurp powers now delegated to you. You also admit that you have invited me at your own risk, and you have done it in the name of your organization. Is it not additional evidence of the truth of my accusations? I must thank you, dear Timbuctooer, for helping me to elench my argument.

Your affected bravado is ill conceived, and unbridled rage is lurking through every line of yours. As to your disappointment in me as a "Russian Intellectual," why, it is a certificate of good character for me, a badge of honor, and it adds a good deal to my stature.

You and yours reflect so well the intellectual and moral make-up of impostors that you well deserve to be embalmed in cold type, so that the world at large should recognize you and yours as true representatives of that noble order.

As to yourself, Mr. Loupoloff, you have

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

[Written for The People By Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.]

While England is the classic ground for the study of the manufacturing period, the United States certainly is the classic ground for the study of the further development of capitalism. The almost unlimited natural resources, such as land, timber, fuel, cotton, precious metals, and most of all, the great excess of iron ore, have made it possible for the United States to bound, in one single century, to the foreground, and surpass in capitalistic development every nation on earth. Here also it is that the struggle between our two modern historic classes has taken the most definite shape. Here they are arrayed against each other like two mighty forces, each gathering strength for the grand conflict.

With the victory of the Revolution all the old feudal restrictions were at one stroke cleared from governmental and national affairs, with the War of 1812 all its remnants were brushed from the economic and commercial arena; with the crushing of the Rebellion, the third necessary acquirement was reached: LABOR WAS SET FREE TO COMPETE IN THE LABOR MARKET. By three bold strikes, each closely following the other, and in all not embracing one century, the United States cleared its horizon of every remnant of bygone days. It is modern up to the handle, and is, furthermore, enjoying the distinction of being the only country on earth which is thoroughly twentieth century in government, in economy, and in the mode of the exploitation of labor.

Let us see then what has taken place

done your work to perfection, true to your inborn traits of a flunkey, and you have well served your masters.

Thanking you for the snap-shot that you furnish me of you and yours without my asking, I remain,

L. Bama, M. D.

here since the "Days of Our Fathers." It would be of small use to attempt to trace the development of machinery; let us but note the important results. Farming is to-day done on such a gigantic scale that a description of a bonanza farm cultivated with gigantic steam implements, yielding more grain than a feudal lord could dream of, and that as a result of the labor of but an insignificant number of men, would hardly convey an appropriate idea of its magnitude. In the mines the most wonderful and complicated machinery is aiding labor to give to man the hidden treasures of the earth. In the textile industry, automatic carding and spinning machines, self-threading shuttles and gigantic power looms, are making a dizzy whirl almost swifter than human thought. The power machine has put the tailor with his needle, thimble and peice of wax—most important implements of society in simple handicraft days—high upon the shelf in the curiosity shop; and "at the hands," so to speak, of the gigantic shoe-making machine, his neighbor, the shoemaker—with his hammer and last—has faded no better. Again, there exists to-day gigantic levers and pulleys that can handle weights beyond the strength of a community of giants, and link conveyors that can carry greater burdens than Hercules. Without going through further enumeration, it suffices to call attention to the fact that millions upon millions of such machines are now used in production.

The development of transportation has been if anything more wonderful yet. Not to go back as far as the days of the old-fashioned stage coach it is sufficient to recall that only a few years ago we ourselves used to say "at the rate of forty miles an hour" for anything that was remarkably swift. That saying is now as out of date as the stage coach itself. Eighty, ninety, one hundred, or even one hundred and eight to one hundred and fifteen miles sounds somewhat

modern; but, in fact, we are scarcely given breath to make by words any more, for some new invention is sure to knock them out. By the new modes of transportation, and its sister industry, communication, distant cities and continents are drawn together so that they are within a few hours, or a few days, distant. We may take the map and look at the boundaries of "the world" in the days of Alexander and Caesar and think it pitiful what a small territory held their ambitious souls; but taken from the point of time it takes to traverse it our world is more pitifully small yet, and it is beyond a doubt that the wanderer of the ancient world found more diversity, more real wonders, than the wanderer of the modern one, because capitalism makes every land into which it enters more uniform in customs and costumes, manner and habits, buildings and constructions, laws and religions; in short, almost everything. It brings the United States to China and China back to us, it distributes the product of the tropic in the Arctic zone, and those of the Arctic in the tropics; it brings the styles of Paris into backward villages and what is left of the memory of national costumes can be seen at the fancy balls in every metropolis; it has virtually abolished national boundaries and national peculiarities; it keeps the tradition only, while the wide, wide world is its gift to humanity. These things need not be rehearsed: THEY ARE REALIZED by anyone with two eyes and five senses. What is harder to make out is the revolution that has taken place in the mutual relation of the actors themselves in this world-wide drama. To study this it becomes convenient to divide the industrial period into two parts, namely: Free Competition and Trustification.

(To be continued next week.)

Workingmen's Mutual Sick and Benevolent Society meets every first and third Wednesday at 501 East Eighty-second street.

WEEKLY PEOPLE

2, 4 and 6 New Reade St., New York.
P. O. Box 1576. Tel. 229 Franklin.

Published Every Saturday by the
Socialist Labor Party.

Entered as second-class matter at the
New York postoffice, July 13, 1900.

As far as possible, rejected communica-
tions will be returned, if so desired, and
ramps are enclosed.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1892.....	21,157
In 1896.....	36,564
In 1900.....	34,191
In 1902.....	53,763

Socialism means peace and plenty.
Capitalism denotes poverty, crime and
degradation.

OF COURSE, NOT!

No truer, more weighty or more pregnant utterance was for a long time made than that which dropped from the intensely serious lips of Daniel Davenport in Washington on the 11th instant. Appearing before the House Committee on Labor at the hearing of the Eight-Hour Labor bill, Mr. Davenport, who, as a representative of the Anti-Boycott Association, spoke against the bill, said that in the course of his profession he had investigated the conditions in many factories, had heart to heart talks with the workmen, and had put to them the question whether they would be "in favor of a law which deprived them of the privilege of working more than eight hours a day if they wanted to." Reaching the climax of the passage Mr. Davenport tremulously proceeded thus:

"I never found one who favored such a law!"

Of course, not! Throw a man overboard from an ocean-steamer into the raging waves, and then, placidly leaning over the gunwales, ask him:

"Would you be in favor of a scheme which deprived you of the privilege of availing yourself, if you wanted to, of the four feet by five board which I allow you to have so as to afford you an opportunity, if you want to, to keep your head afloat, though your body be submerged?" The answer would come spluttering through the water that dashed against the man's face and into his mouth, and as promptly as the brine would allow him, and with such strength as was still left him:

"No! No! No!"

Of course not! The workingman is floundering—a wail, an article of merchandise—amid the raging waves of capitalist conditions. These conditions ever lower his earnings. His earnings are so low and his information so meager—thanks to the blinkers of ignorance that the Davenports together with the Gomperses and Mitchells clap to the workingman's mind's eyes—that he considers inevitable his semi-submerged condition, and is but too anxious to grasp at any little plank that may somewhat help to keep him up. A result of this mental poise is the readiness to work longer hours, if thereby he can get a few nickels more. Aye, with increasing numbers the question is no longer shorter hours, but any hours at all! Of course, the workingman so situated will repel the idea of "depriving him of the privilege of working more than eight hours, if he wants to." The question whether he would or not carries along with it the implied decision to keep up the social system that has for him the status of a drowning man. How could he be expected to reject the four feet by five board of longer hours that may bring a little more food?

Being true and weighty, is not Mr. Davenport's story pregnant, withal? The story lays bare the fact of the semi-drowning social condition of Labor that the capitalist provides for the working class. Who but one in that condition would accept that four by five board, instead of swinging himself up to the steamer—even if he had to kick the Davenport class overboard and let it sink?

"Bradstreet's" for Feb. 6 has an article entitled "January Failures Moderate, But Liabilities Heavy" in which the growing tendency to large failures is emphasized. Says "Bradstreet's": "There were 1,131 failures, with liabilities of \$16,857,906 and assets of \$9,812,862, reported for the month just closed, which marks an increase of 6 per cent. in number as compared with December last, and an increase of 1.6 per cent. in number and of 60 per cent. in liabilities as compared with corresponding month a year ago." Canada shows similar conditions. Concentration, by forcing the need of ever greater capital, forces ever greater fail-

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

Two nations, both despotic monarchies,—Russia and Japan—are at war. The tragedy, now on the world's stage, for what else is it than a tragedy, offers at its start an interesting tableau on "Development"; its end may offer some other tableaux on the "Hidden ways of Providence."

As to the tableau on "Development," the rupture between Russia and Japan, does not so much reflect upon "despotic power" as it should put to shame the praise-singers of the "civilized" nations. These praise-singers love to boast of the enlightenment that the western nations enjoy. In the war between Russia and Japan they may see what that enlightenment amounts to. Russia and Japan are supposedly backward, despotic, without representative government and all that; yet what do we see? We see the two leap forward, put on the garb of the present, and dropping the olden garb of dynastic pretensions for the extension of their territory, appear in up-to-date rig, assuming the mercantile pretext for the same end. The cause of the war between Russia and Japan—the acquisition of territory for markets—brings home how absolutely nil is the much vaunted governmental progress of "civilized" nations; it brings home the fact that the essence has remained and the form only changed. Mutually illuminating each other, the fact is perceived that under "free" capitalist governments and under "despotic" feudal governments the wars that break out between them have remained essentially the same—DYNASTIC. When the government is "despotic," the interests of the ruling family and its retainers are the thing pursued by a war, and it is pursued with the blood of the workers; when the government is "representative," the interests pursued are those of the ruling, the small capitalist class and its parasites, and again it is pursued with the blood of the masses. In either case, the war is DYNASTIC, that is, in the interest of the ruling "family" exclusively, the means being more territory, originally, to tax; while now the means are more territory, to trade with, that is, to cheat,—in either case to exploit for the ruling "family."

As to the prospective tableaux, the possibilities are many. On the whole, it may be said that, as to Russia, the war will ultimately redound to its peoples' favor, whether it wins or loses,—in either case, altho' more so if it loses, the war will contribute in waking up the masses from their torpor. Once awakened, there is no telling whither people will go, except that they will go towards light and not towards darkness. As to Japan, the war, whether successful or not, is not likely to have upon its masses any appreciable influence for good. As yet the Japanese masses are too full of admiration for their capitalist-feudal rulers, who "brought them into the sisterhood of nations." Victory will intoxicate them with still more admiration for that class, while defeat will not yet be able to deaden the admiration.

PARRY ONCE MORE.

Mr. Parry's recent Kansas City speech, into whose absurd economics and, if possible, even absurder arithmetic, a big whole was torn by a previous article in these columns, affords opportunity to point out one of the mysteries of capitalism.

Mr. Parry in several passages bemoans the declining profits of the capitalist. Mr. Parry is partly right in the fact that he alludes to. And little does he know that what he actually bemoans is, not one of the effects of the "intolerable rascality of the workingmen," but one of the effects that the suicidal system of capitalism forces upon itself.

As was shown in a previous article, however small the percentage may seem of the capitalist's profits on his investments, his percentage of plunder on the product of labor is large. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the capitalist's percentage of profit on his investment declines. Looked into, the fact rises to huge importance. It is found to be a subsidiary law that is big with disaster to capitalism.

The economic feature of Capital is that it becomes, and needs must become, ever huger. That law of its existence that drives it to retrench the field of competition, compels it to raise ever higher the "ante" of the poker game of capitalism. The larger the capital concentrated in an enterprise, the fewer are the possible competitors, and the ones in the field have the field all to themselves. The process of "weeding out" has not stopped, can not yet stop. Accordingly, huger and huger concentrations are the order of the day. Obviously, the plunder practised upon Labor, when translated into the language of "the interest

on the capital invested," has to spread over an ever larger area—an ever larger capital invested. The increased capital increases also the volume of the wealth produced, and, therefore, of the plunder, or "share," of the capitalist. But that increased production does not, can not, keep step with the increased investments. The consequence is a decreased percentage of profits on investments. Omitting the obvious links in the further chain of the argument the conclusion is:—

Capital must increase, or it dies of competitive fever; and if it increases, the point must be reached—provided the working class does not head off the nuisance and abate it by setting up the Socialist Republic—when, so immeasurable is the capital needed to keep off competitors' profits on the investment cease,—death either way.

Thus a benign Providence forces to the lips of the devastator of human energies and happiness the ingredients of his own poisoned chalice,—and the poison has begun to reach the lips of the Parrys, that is, of the smaller fry of capitalists.

But there would not be much consolation in this for the human race, but for the fact that the law of capitalist development is being understood by a sufficiently large number of the sufferers, who will ere long be numerous enough and bold enough to take charge, and thus save the country from being crushed under the ruins that the class-stupidity and class-perverseness of the "Captains of Industry" would whelm the nation under.

DIRECTORS WHO DO NOT DIRECT.

Who is there that has not heard of the hard work done by capitalists as directors of corporations? Who is there that has not read in the success magazines how these capitalists pore sixteen and eighteen hours a day over the minutest details of the two score or more corporations to which they belong? Who is there that has not been informed of their devotion to the interests entrusted to them—how they protect the widows and orphans' investments, and direct the efforts of labor so that the desert becomes a garden, and all the nations of earth roll in affluence? Who is there that has not admired these Herculean men of sacrifice, thought and action, when thus presented?

If there be any who have not heard these wondrous praises, or felt their sublime influence, let them draw near and become familiar with the heroic brood. "The Wall Street Journal," of January 21, asks:

"Why is it that so many directors of corporations do not direct? Why is it that so many stockholders fail to use their power of suffrage in corporations with intelligence, and are so generally indifferent to the management regardless of everything, provided they receive their dividends promptly, and only combining for purposes of investigation or overthrow of a corrupt or inefficient administration, when the affairs of the corporation have reached the point of bankruptcy? These questions are easier to ask than to answer."

"There is, however, one evident cause for both of these evils. It does not cover every case of delinquency, but it certainly covers a large proportion of cases. There are certain large advantages attending a corporation when its securities are active in the stock market. It is easy then for a holder of the securities to convert his stock quickly into cash, and a security which is active in the market is generally more acceptable as collateral at a bank than one which is slow of sale or which has no constant market. But when the securities of a corporation are the playthings of a speculative market, it is usually the case that a majority of the stock is in a state of flux, passing continually, day by day or week by week, from one hand to another, so that no one holder of it has any permanent interest in the management of the company. The owner of to-day is simply solicitous to sell out to-morrow at a higher price, and the owner of to-morrow buys in order that he may sell the day after."

"In 1901, nine stocks, the total number of whose listed shares was less than 6,000,000, had aggregate sales in the New York Stock Exchange of nearly 90,000,000 shares, so that the total capitalization of these stocks sold about fifteen times over in the course of a year."

"Now this condition, it is plain to see, has several bearings upon the destiny of a corporation. In the first place it offers a constant temptation to officers and directors of a corporation to pay more attention to the stock market than to the affairs of the company itself. They see in the fluctuations of the stock a larger opportunity of profit than they find in the legitimate operations of the property of which they are trustees."

"Moreover, it gives opportunity for a small minority of the voting stock to control the corporation."

Mere, common ordinary stock gamblers, indifferent to everything but plunder—such is our "heroic" brood, our "directing" geniuses!

Kind reader, how do you like the acquaintance?

ONE MORE RIP.

It is quite evident that the Republican and Democratic papers, who have given publicity and sympathetically commented on the disclosures made by Profs. Woodberry and MacDowell in their explanations for resigning from Columbia University, little realize that they are owlishly crooning over what, in fact, is one more rip in their own dearly beloved ripping structure of private ownership in that which the people need for the keeping and enjoying of life; and that they little realize how the Woodberry-MacDowell explosion, plus, of course, the sympathetic comments of these papers, turns the light of condemnation upon the private ownership of the sources of public information, exercised by these privately owned publishing corporations themselves.

In its salutary, the Daily People said on the morning of Sunday, July 1, 1900:

"The past long dominates the mind of the present. Despite the striking character of modern industrial enterprises, the mind is still dominated by their character of old, when, in their smallness and large numbers, they were private at all points. Having been private concerns then, their modern mammoth, monopolistic supplanters continue to be looked upon as private. Due to this 'vis inertiae' of the mind, the pregnant fact that mammoth concerns of to-day are seen the sole purveyors of food, transportation, light, heat, clothing, etc., frequently even of enjoyments, generally escapes due appreciation. Old habits of thought, acquired under immature economic conditions, blind the mind to an appreciation of the pregnant fact that modern industries now work for the public, that they employ the public, that the public depends upon them; in short, that the character of industry stands transformed—once a private affair, it has developed into a public ministry."

"That an industry which supplies the community with ice is a public ministry may escape the superficial observer. But it cannot escape even the sluggish eye of the most superficial that the industry which supplies the community with information is radically different from a private affair. The newspaper industry, accordingly, brings out in clearest light the point of development reached. As with the industries that supply the community with the material needs of life, those that supply it with food for the mind have reached that point where virtual monopoly exists—the capital needed to operate them is not within reach of the masses. Their functions have become public and, therefore, sacred; yet the means to operate them have remained private, and therefore, left them subject to private whim, caprice and interests."

What is said above about the private corporations that furnish the public with information, holds, of course, with regard to institutions of learning—in some respects even more so. Of course Profs. Woodberry and MacDowell are right in their concrete charges, and of course the press' sympathy with them is right. But what is the case of Columbia University but merely an aggravation of an organic evil, an evil that is structural in capitalist society? Profs. Woodberry and MacDowell might have said a good deal more than they did. That they did not, shows how little they understand the source of the ills they complain of.

As a factory is not run "for the health" of its owners, as a newspaper is not operated "for the fun" it affords its stockholders, neither is a privately owned "institution of learning" conducted for "patriotism." They are all run for the profit of their owners. Do not Profs. Woodberry and MacDowell know that recently one of the Columbia University professors—Monroe Smith—issued a circular call for money for the University addressed to millionaires, and there held language which amounts to this: "Share with us your wealth; it is a good investment; you need the blockheads whom we cultivate; if we do not addle the brains of these youths where would you be; shell out!"—do not Profs. Woodberry and MacDowell know that?

The monstrosity of private corporations of learning, just now exemplified by Columbia University, throws a clearer light upon that other and kindred monstrosity—the privately owned newspapers, the vehicles of daily public information; and the combined light of the two brings out the fundamental monstrosity on which they are both grafts, the private ownership of the needed land on the needed capital with which to produce the necessities of life.

Privately owned Columbia University is no worse and no better than her sister monopolies—all of whom, newspapers and factories, are run to suit the private and to the nation disastrous whims, caprices and INTERESTS of their owners.

Thus the Woodberry-MacDowell explosion is but one more rip in the ripping structure of capitalist society.

August Sauerbeck, the English authority on trade and price movements reviews England's hard experiences for the past year as follows:

"The iron trade, the engineering and

shipbuilding industries were not satisfactory, and shipping freights were very depressed. The great cotton industry was seriously affected by the disturbing influence of the American speculations. The wool trade was only partly prosperous, and the total consumption showed a falling off. The linen and jute industries were unsatisfactory. Employment was still worse than in the preceding year, particularly in the second half.

"A redeeming feature is to be noticed in the external trade of the country. The total exceeded £903,000,000, and was both in value and quantity far beyond any previous experience. The exports of manufactures, taken separately, also exceeded any previous record. There was an increased demand for South America, the United States, South Africa, and India, but a decrease to Australia and China. The total compares with about £540,000,000 in 1900, the record year of Germany, and with about £500,000,000 millions, the record of the United States for 1902-03."

Those who contend that the ultimate tendency of capitalism is to diminish, if not eliminate, its own evils, will find cold comfort in these figures from the oldest capitalist nation. Behind them one sees the growing accretion of misery and destitution which is the working class' lot under capitalization.

The Bankers' Association report, just issued, shows that its 7,000 members possess a capital of \$10,547,000,000. The estimated population of the United States in 1900 was, in round numbers, 77,000,000. In 1902, the estimated wealth of the country was \$94,300,000,000. Using the above figures, and representing each bank as an individual, it is found that the membership of the Bankers' Association, numbers only one eleventh-thousandth of the population, while controlling one-ninth of the wealth in the country. This immense disparity in numbers and wealth controlled, so illustrative of the concentration of wealth, appears still more striking when it is recalled that banking, like industry, is consolidated. There are groups of banks that are controlled by groups of capitalists. The Rockefeller are said to control a number of such groups, including the leading banks of the country. Thus the individual banks represented in the Bankers' Association are no more to be regarded as separate institutions, than are the individual industrial firms or corporations that are owned and controlled by small, concentrated groups of capitalists. Taking all this into consideration the Bankers' Association report is an epitome of the tendencies of the times.

Pittsburg despatches state that the U. S. Steel corporation is filling its storehouses to overflowing as a first step to destroy the Amalgamated Association in its last stronghold, the tin plate industry, when the present wage agreement expires. With the Amalgamated gone, in even this branch, the trust will be in complete control of the labor situation in the steel and iron industry. Look out then for the further wage reductions which previous Pittsburg despatches have intimated will be necessary to insure the triumph of the trust in the markets of the world!

The leading capitalist nations pretend to deplore the war between Japan and Russia. Nevertheless, they rank as backers of either one side or the other, and stand ready to share the rewards with the victor. Again, it has oft been pointed out that the war would prove beneficial to England, France, Germany, and the United States, as the necessary finances and munitions would have to come from them. As all of these nations are in need of such an industrial stimulus as this would afford, it is plain to be seen that the Russo-Japanese conflict is more of a matter of congratulation than regret with them.

President Eliot of Harvard University advocates governmental control of employers' associations and labor unions. No doubt the governmental control of employers' associations will be welcomed by those big capitalists, led by the Hannas, who are opposed to them, as it would be a means whereby these capitalists can increase their hold on the industrial situation. As far as the labor unions are concerned governmental control already exists through the use of the courts and militia. In Colorado, for instance, it is most complete.

It is reported that Roy Walton, a Texas & Pacific telegraph operator, has invented a small but useful article for the use of operators who take messages from the wire on a typewriter. It is a hard rubber cap that fits over the ear and is connected to the receiving instrument with a copper wire. The invention of this article is right in line with the tendency of modern industry, which makes labor a mere attachment to the machine.

The Baltimore fire recalls the fact that modern cities have not only to combat contagious disease as did the old, but they have to struggle against a new enemy in the devastating conflagration. Isolation, inoculation and sanitation makes the combat with disease comparatively easy in modern times. Were genuine fire-proof buildings erected this new danger in city life would also be favorably modified.

Another charity—the Eye and Ear Infirmary—is reported to be about to close for lack of funds. The institution treats 40,000 patients annually. Forty-one physicians give their services free. Yet there is a deficit of \$2,000 a month in running expenses. With the demands on charity exceeding its resources, wherein do we find reflected that condition of widespread prosperity about which the politicians prate so much?

THE GUARANTEE.

The pickle that the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic, party is in with its Mayor Born of Sheboygan, Wis., is one of those events that some people call "providential," others "the logic of things," but the providentialness or logic of which would be wasted if its actual providential or logic features are lost sight of.

Mayor Born was elected upon the Social Democratic ticket. No sooner elected than he went back upon his party. The reason he gives for his conduct is that he was elected "by the people." Of course, all successful candidates are; there is no organization of any party that comprises a majority of the voters. In view thereof, disloyalty to the principles that set up a candidate would be raised by Mr. Born's "justification" to a civic virtue. The "justification" is transparent. The Born act is a scamp's act; civic virtue is not scamp's turpitude. But in the very excessiveness of the Born turpitude lies the danger of its being wasted on experience. People are but too apt to look at the surface of an evil and give no thought to its source. The source lay with Mr. Born's party.

About six years ago James F. Carey voted for an armory building in the industrial city of Haverhill. The day will surely come when all the brass of Mr. Carey's brow will have been pounded to pieces by the S. L. P. and his "justifications" for voting the \$15,000 appropriation for an armory will give no more protection, even to his shameless face. When that day shall have come, Mr. Carey will openly admit that he did wrong on that armory matter. The danger must be averted to the movement of allowing the real crime of Mr. Carey from being overlooked. It is in this respect that the Born affair is of service.

Mr. Carey was elected Councilman of Haverhill in 1897 on the ticket of the Socialist Labor Party. No sooner elected than he pulled out of the party, and then, just like Born now, when called to account, he simply said "the people, not the S. L. P., elected me." The subsequent betrayal of the working class by the armory vote was but the sequel, not the essence of Mr. Carey's turpitudinous act. It was but a natural flower on the stalk of his betrayal of the party that he had cheated into setting him up.

The question frequently is asked, what guarantee is there that the successful candidates of a party of Socialism will not sell out—pull out as soon as elected. One of the answers is furnished by the experience now being made by the so-called Socialist, alias Social Democratic party, with its Mayor Born, plus the Carey affair.

It is unquestionable that the bribing power of capitalism is stupendous. Equally unquestionable is the fact that the financial resources of Socialism are so trifling that all idea of parrying the capitalist bribing power with a financial shield must be dropped. What, then, remains? Nothing but this—so scrupulous a regard for decency and good faith on the part of any party that flies the Socialist colors, that only would a slip by such a party be an immediate condemnation of its own trustworthiness, but that the cheats would find the Socialist movement too hot to breathe in. The party of Mr. Born failed in this. It knew the snail that clung on Carey—the real and fundamental snail of his betrayal of S. L. P. confidence—but it took for good policy, both as a weapon against the S. L. P. and an increase of its own forces, to receive the reprobate with open arms to do him honor;—nor is Mr. Carey the only one. It thereby branded, and continues to brand, itself unworthy, and deals itself the death blow that will tear it to pieces—and thereby furnish the answer to help supplementarily to teach the lesson of how to prevent acts of treason in the Socialist movement.

The Born episode teaches that, in self-protection, a party that sincerely flies the Socialist colors can not be too intolerant of branches of trust; it teaches that only the relentless condemnation of breach of trust in the Socialist movement can keep the scoundrels out; it thus answers, at least partly, yet quite extensively, the question, what guarantee is there against being sold out by successful Socialist candidates.

A despatch from Minneapolis, Minn., states that a complaint has been filed by settlers along the Canadian Northern between Warroad and Fort Francis, on the American side, in which they charge the management of the company with practically reducing them to starvation. The settlers along the Canadian Northern are for the most part poor, and depend largely on the cordwood they cut for a living. The company has refused to build loading tracks and sidetracks, and the wood, which is stacked high on the claims cannot be got to market. This situation serves to illustrate the dependence of society on privately-owned corporations. It also serves to give an inkling into the ability of such corporations to crush the small producers. Still, "we live in a land where all are free and independent!"

The demand that the integrity of China be respected is made in good faith by those now having that integrity in their keeping. They fear that further proceedings will result in the loss of the commercial fields partitioned off to them.

London's Bank showing is reported excellent. London's working class showing is, however, not reported that way. It is bad, with an emphatic qualification.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN—I hope that, after all the trouble between labor and capital in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland, and the coal mines in other States, in the glass works of Pennsylvania and Indiana, and other industries in other States, people will act sensibly.

UNCLE SAM—Amen!

B. J.—This is just the time to enforce the idea of arbitration.

U. S.—What?

B. J.—I mean compulsory arbitration.

U. S.—Would you?

B. J.—Worse you have employers and employes fall together by the ears eternally and keep the country in commotion?

U. S.—Not I.

B. J.—Why, then, not arbitrate?

U. S.—Because there is nothing to arbitrate; and if there were arbitration would be no good.

B. J. (impatiently)—Do you mean to side with those blooded-handed employers?

U. S.—Not I.

B. J.—Are they not greedy, grasping reprobates?

U. S.—Most assuredly.

B. J.—Then there is something to arbitrate.

U. S.—Who produces all the wealth?

B. J.—Labor.

U. S.—Has any of the capitalists concerned in these labor troubles ever done a stroke of useful labor?

B. J.—Not a stroke.

U. S.—And yet millions upon millions are in their possession?

B. J.—Wrongfully; for that reason we should have arbitration.

U. S.—Are they entitled to anything?

B. J.—To not a thing.

U. S.—Who is entitled to it all?

B. J.—Why we, the workers, of course.

U. S.—And yet you think there is something to arbitrate! Is there anything to arbitrate between the footpad and the robbed?

B. J.—No.

U. S.—To offer arbitration is to condone crime. There is either justice in robbery or there is none. Either an employer may skin his workers all he can or skinning must be stopped altogether. There is no middle course.

B. J.—Granted; but, even so, would not arbitration relieve the situation?

U. S.—Not a bit.

B. J.—Would it not prevent excessive skinning?

U. S.—Not a particle.

B. J.—Suppose a board of arbitration finds that a company is doing good business and that the reason it gives for reduction of wages is false—

U. S.—What then?

B. J.—Then—

U. S.—Yes, then!

B. J. resitates long.

U. S.—You seem to have struck a snag, eh?

B. J.—Then, the board will give its decision and condemn the company.

U. S.—And the company might order the decision framed over the motion: "Words, words, words!"

B. J.—Would it mean nothing else?

U. S.—Nothing else. The board could not compel the company to operate its plant. If the company wanted, it could shut down and starve its workers into submission; and then they would come back and sue for work, and the company would triumph—"condemnation" by the board or no condemnation.

B. J.—Is there no way, then, to enforce the decision of the board?

U. S.—None whatever against the company of capitalists. A decision against the workers could be enforced. The capitalists to-day hold the government with its military and courts. These can always be used to aggravate the situation of the toiler in enforcing arbitration decisions against them, but they will not be used against the employer, and could not be used without upsetting the system of private property in the means of production.

B. J.—Then upset the system!

U. S.—That is the only way to do it. Let her rip!

The heading in a newspaper "Stocks Break Badly" would be more illuminating if it told who was "broke" by the break. As a commentary on the diffusion of wealth ownership by means of stockholding, it would then throw a flood of light that even the mercury vapor lamp could not surpass.

It begins to look as if Borden were going to give the question "How would you like to be the milkman?" a new significance.

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, BEHIND THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

THE CATS IN THE PANAMA CANAL BAG.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Cats continue to jump out of the Panama Canal bag. The latest one is that the majority of the shares of the Canal Company stock are owned and held in this country. Secretary Shaw has notified the National banks holding deposits of Government funds that they must be prepared for a call for money to pay the \$40,000,000 purchase price.

The capitalist press rejoices that "wide awake" New Yorkers and other Americans shall profit by the transaction instead of a lot of foreigners. The National City Bank, in a circular which it has sent out, states that the payment will "largely" remain in this country. This bank does a large foreign exchange business, and knows, if any such institution knows, everything concerning the purchase and transfer of foreign securities.

Since The People has been showing up this Panama business I have taken occasion to look into it a little for myself. I find that the Panama route is forty-nine miles in length. Ten miles of the route is through a mountain, the cut in which will be three hundred feet deep. The canal will encounter the Chagres river eleven times in its route, making that number of crossings necessary. This is a stream that often runs in torrents and is liable to overflow at any season. To regulate this river and its numerous tributaries an immense reservoir is proposed. The engineers say that the dam will be twenty miles long and two hundred feet deep, the greater part of the depth will be sunk into the earth. No accomplished engineering feat approaches this project of regulating the Chagres river.

One of the great problems in the building of the canal, if the work is ever undertaken, is the question of health. Yellow fever and Chagres fever are pests that claim those not indigenous to the soil. The building of the Panama Railroad is said to have cost a life for every laid, and the building of that railroad was baby play to the contemplated canal work. The work done by the De Lesseps Company will practically have to be gone over again. If the job is feasible it will take ten years to do it and will cost over \$300,000,000.

The French speculators who used the name of De Lesseps, gathered in about two hundred million dollars from the people of France before the bubble burst. Wonder how much the American speculators will be able to loot this government of before they get through?

The People asked recently how much Congress would be willing to appropriate to help needy workmen, or something to that effect. Little need to speculate on that, just listen to the howls of the Panama advocates against the "pension grab," as they term the payment to soldiers who once served them well. The pensioners have only a little finger in the trough where these looters have their whole bodies.

One of the significant features of this canal agitation, is the fact that little or so opposition is heard from the great trans-continental railroads. At present the Panama Railroad and the steamships that run in connection with it are a thorn in the side of the across-the-continent routes.

Freight via the Panama route goes from New York to Colon, thence via rail to Panama, and is again loaded into steamships for Pacific coast points. If this competition worries American railroads what would the proposed all-water route do to them, and why are they not kicking? Is it that they know the canal is an impossibility, owing to the adverse natural conditions?

Jersey City, Feb. 9.

DIRECTORS WHO DO NOT DIRECT.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—In The People of Monday last there was an editorial entitled "Directors Who Do Not Direct," which showed, from the utterances of a capitalist financial mouthpiece, that those capitalists who act as directors of corporations are nothing more than stock gamblers.

In another Wall Street organ, I read that John D. Rockefeller resigned from the Steel Corporation, because of his inability to attend meetings and give proper consideration to the company's affairs. This may go with the marines but not with intelligent people.

About the only service the big capitalists render lots of corporations in which they are directors is the use of their names. These names act as bait for the suckers. There are men who are on so many boards of directors that it would be a physical impossibility for them to attend every meeting, let alone directing the affairs of the concerns. Chauncey M. Depew, for instance, is on sixty-seven boards. W. K. Vanderbilt on fifty-three, James Stillman on forty-nine and George J. Gould on forty-two. I could name a dozen more whose names appear on more than thirty boards each.

But while no more laborious duty than the use of their names is imposed on these directors, they earn large fees from this source. Big concerns pay fifty dollars for each meeting whether the director is present or absent. One prominent banker received the other day three double eagles from meetings he had been unable to attend. His cigar money from director's fees alone is said to bring him in about \$12,000 a year. These gentlemen don't direct in the sense that they

give supervision, but they do direct into their own pockets the dough of the suckers down here with whom the names of corporation directors carry weight.

New York, Feb. 10.

THE PRETENSIONS OF A FRAUD PUNCTURED.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—The bogus Socialist party of Seattle held their city convention Jan. 30.

The question is: Are we of the S. L. P. guilty of any impropriety in applying the term "Bogus" to that organization? There is certainly a decided difference between it and the S. L. P. And this comes from the fact that the S. L. P. has gone into prominent position on all questions pertaining to the welfare of the working class, and decided what action its officers and members shall take in helping to maintain that position. If they fail to do that, the party's judicial machinery takes them in hand at once, consequently the rank and file know where they are at, and they have no suspicions. One man, in good standing in the party, is as good as another, if he has the ability to do what is required of him.

Hence, the position of "Political Party of, for and by, the Working Class" is filled by the Socialist Labor Party, as good an organization as ever was or can be built. There is no doubt about its being genuine, and all of the true stuff, as well as being the original. Two tangible things cannot occupy the same position, and as this is a position that only needs one of the kind, the S. L. P. is it. The other certainly is bogus, and the more it pretends to be "Just Like You" the more bogus it is. It is the good imitations that are dangerous, but this bogus Socialist outfit is nothing like a good imitation. It is an organization without a definite purpose, composed of suspicious factions, all of whose members have a half-baked conception of Socialism.

Had it been otherwise, some one would have nominated somebody that was generally known to be a good chairman, and the rank and file would have elected him for temporary chairman. But each faction had to put up a man who had to be balloted for. Some ballots were cast by people who had no right to vote, and the time wasted counting them.

Then there were six candidates for the office of temporary secretary, and three ballots had to be taken to elect him. There was a suspicion in the hall that about three of the nominees were put up for the purpose of dividing the opposition vote, probably, on both sides.

But when the Goddess of Trouble looked down on the election of a Committee of Credentials, her joy must have been great, while every bone in the body of common sense must have ached. And after the committee was finally elected, it disappeared, it never reported back to the convention, it was "Caved down the bank," or something of that kind.

Then there were three ballots taken to elect a committee on platform and resolutions, which took so long that Mrs. Titus wanted to know if "breakfast would be served in the hall, or if the delegates would be compelled to patronize restaurants," after which Dr. Titus announced that "the committee on platform and resolutions would report in five minutes," and it did, by bringing in and reading a platform that was printed two years ago.

There was no committee on order of business elected, and the Goddess of Trouble enjoyed herself some more, while they wrestled with that fact and the formality of making the temporary organization permanent.

Then Scott, king of Seattle freakdom, grandly placed in nomination a "man who stands well in the trades union movement, Comrade Parsons, business agent of the Carpenters' Union." Mr. Parsons is as fine a specimen of the "speak easy Socialist" as I have ever seen. If he lives until after the revolution is won, he will probably reach the upper stage of French Socialism, but not before.

Then a lady delegate nominated, with a long string of complimentary adjectives, our dear beloved Comrade Scott for City Treasurer.

Then there was a contest between four nominees for Comptroller. O'Keefe, who was nominated by Titus as a "member of the Ship Caulkers' Union," got it. The office of Corporation Counsel was unanimously given to Wiswell, ex-preacher, as the nearest approach to an attorney they had. Let them score a point on that.

For Councilman-at-large, Titus nominated "Comrade Rimbo, active member of the Laundry Drivers' Union." He also nominated "Comrade Severance of the Stationary Engineers' Union" for the other council-at-large. There were vacancies in two wards, which were left for the campaign committee to fill, and the convention adjourned without electing a campaign committee.

The Bogus Socialist Party will improve! Never. It will grow more awkward and ugly as its grows older. The offspring of "Pure and Simpledom" and "Kangarooism" cannot be otherwise.

The "Brewery Workmen's Union" branch of the "Best Local" did not have a single delegate present, which shows how "Boring from within" is progressing. Further comment is not necessary. It makes no difference what happens, whoever wants to do a man's part in a man's place will have to turn to the

S. L. P. and the S. T. & L. A. for his opportunity.

The Bogus Socialist Party is the right name. Wm. McCormack. Seattle, Jan. 31, 1904.

SCHMIDT, REPUBLICAN BOSS OF "SOCIALIST" PARTY AND HIS TACTICS.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—The Detroit "Evening News" of Jan. 27 contained the following:

"There was a mixup in the arrangements for the debate on Socialism in Duffy's Hall, Grand River avenue and Park street, to-morrow evening. John Z. White, of Chicago, is here to oppose Socialism and Gaylord Wilshire, the millionaire from Toronto, Ont., who was to take the other side of the debate, wired yesterday he could not come. Then Carl E. Schmidt made arrangements for Prof. A. M. Simons, of Chicago, to uphold the cause of Socialism, but the Socialist party of Detroit, however, has engaged a Socialist of Saginaw, Alderman Curran, hence Prof. Simons will not come."

This statement of "The News" explains much. Here we find it openly acknowledged that Carl E. Schmidt uses "his powerful influence" to select speakers suitable to carry on "Socialist" propaganda in Detroit.

That the editor and the proprietor of "Der Herold," the local "Socialist" organ, exist by the grace of Carl E. Schmidt has been known before, but that his influence was used in any other than an indirect manner within the "Socialist" party itself is news to all.

The question arises: did Carl E. Schmidt acquire that power only lately, or did he have a chance to choose speakers even when the old "Socialist" party men, or kangaroos, belonged to the Socialist Labor Party? Who were the men pushed forward at that time in preference to undesirable ones?

Let's see; who is Carl E. Schmidt? Schmidt was Pingree's right-bower. He raised the funds that erected Pingree's statue. When Dr. Carsten ran for Mayor of Detroit on the Republican ticket he was that gentleman's manager. Schmidt himself has been repeatedly mentioned as a candidate for the Mayoralty. Schmidt is a rich leather manufacturer—a son of Traugott Schmidt, multi-millionaire, now dead—in brief a politician and a capitalist.

Who would be most liable to meet Schmidt's opposition? Naturally those opposed to his political ambitions and interests—the anti-Pingreeites; the class-conscious Socialists! The fact is there were plenty of Pingreeites among the "alte deutsche gesossen," as we have found out since the split, who opposed and tried to exclude, suspend or expel, those who kicked against the orders that came from higher up, and that were in opposition to S. L. P. principles. Even if no other than Pingreeite sympathies existed between Schmidt and the "alte deutsche gesossen," his wishes were naturally reflected by them even with the old section of the S. L. P. Who can be surprised then that the forces that objected to capitalists predominance were opposed for the purpose of discouraging and suppressing the others?

The fight thus instituted and encouraged by capitalists interests was not as easily settled as had been expected. Instead of saving the foundations of present society from real danger, the defenders of the S. L. P. forced their opponents to drop all pretensions of decency, and resort to the real basis of those foundations, viz.; usurpation and violence.

Thus it comes that all Socialist arguments advanced in this city by those laying claim to principle, must be based upon that working class organization on the lines proposed by the Socialist Labor Party.

It is well understood that the local political lights possessed of national reputations, cannot combat the genuine local Socialist movement. Hence, John Z. White, a lawyer, must be imported from Chicago. While the capitalists acknowledge that the genuine local Socialist movement is the thorn in their eyes, they pretend to ignore that movement by importing such men as H. Gaylord Wilshire or A. M. Simons; but their real purpose is to destroy it, by the easy defeat of these men, who, possessing mediocre ability, will cast discredit on Socialism.

Where their scheme failed, is not in arranging such a debate, but in the fact that the reputation of the man who debated was only backed by the title of Alderman, instead of the million dollars said to be possessed by Wilshire, or the alleged "professorship" of Simons.

As to the debate paper: When Karton which seems to be Curran's real name—took the floor, he made an attempt to explain various things. To tell a story, he produced a manuscript, because, said he, "I am a bad hand at telling stories, unless I write them down and read them afterwards." He never clinched a point, or made a direct statement: he always thought or believed this or that. He acknowledged that he was not posted on the single tax—and yet he was to prove it erroneous!—or on "political economy."

He was not, or could not be expected to be, a speaker, as his business did not develop his brain in the same way that rolling cigars added nimble legs to his fingers. He had been told (or he believed?) that he was the best there was to be found in town (meaning Detroit, presumably).

Such was this fellow's stupidity, conceit and dishonesty, that some of the young "Socialists" present asked an S. L. P. man to redeem Socialism and the cause of the working class by a few straight remarks at the close of the debate. There were others present, however, who had different designs. A few of these were—

ing for Walters (an S. P. candidate in the recent election), which others supported, doubtless, to head off the S. L. P. man. The meeting was adjourned after Walters and Bowden (a local single taxer) had finished, without giving anybody else a chance to speak.

The sincere men in the S. P. showed, however, that they felt the disgrace heaped upon them by their "champion." One of them, Pinel, by name, declared, "If that fellow is a Socialist, then I am not one."

Had Karton been paid to make his side ridiculous he could not have succeeded better than he did. Behind it all, it is the principles of the S. L. P. that these fakirs and frauds, headed by Republican boss Carl E. Schmidt, want to kill. But the S. L. P. is onto their tactics. They will have to work in a different manner, as such attempts as those made by White and Karton, only rebound to its benefit.

The Press Committee, Section Detroit, S. L. P. Detroit, Mich., Jan. 31.

A CARD FROM MRS. HENLEY.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—I wish to thank you for your kindness to my son, John A. Henley, in his sickness and death. Also your brotherly acts to him in money matters.

May the God that rules us all reward you and your party for all your kind acts.

Yours truly, Mrs. Agnes L. Henley.

Portland, Me., Feb. 5.

THE MILWAUKEE CAMPAIGN.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Section Milwaukee, Wis. S. L. P. held its city convention at Locke's Hall, on Saturday, Jan. 30, and nominated the following ticket to be voted for at the spring election:

Mayor, F. R. Wilke; treasurer, J. Vierthaler; comptroller, G. Starke; city attorney, C. Minkley.

In accepting the nominations the comrades stated their determination to put up a strong fight for the principles and tactics of the S. L. P.

Minkley and Wilke addressed the convention, the former in German, the latter in English, and were listened to with rapt attention. Minkley made an eloquent plea to work and agitate for Socialism, and gave a vivid description of the prevailing conditions on the economic as well as the political field. The Social Democrats came in for a severe scoring for their traitorous acts to the working class. Minkley declared that all the bad elements that are thrown out of the S. L. P. are gladly accepted in the ranks of the S. D. P., citing that among the speakers who have been invited by the Social Democrats to speak for them during the spring campaign here is the notorious Carey, the armory-builder, of Haverhill, Mass., a man who has proved by his acts that he does not understand the rudiments of Socialism or does not feel its noble or elevating tendencies.

Minkley then paid his respects to Mark Hanna and his associates, dwelling on the ignoble cause those persons were defending. "I heard Hanna speak one night," said Minkley, "during the last campaign in Ohio. He declared that if the people wanted the prosperity they were enjoying to continue, they should vote the Republican ticket. He spoke of prosperous times while wages were being reduced and laborers discharged all over the land."

The speaker told how good the outlook in the Badger State was for the S. L. P., his position as commercial traveler enabling him to note the ever-growing dissatisfaction among the people.

In conclusion Minkley stated: "The S. L. P. has a bright future before it. The comrades of the State, although not numerous, have assured us of their assistance."

Let all the comrades and sympathizers of the S. L. P. from now on do something, no matter how little, for the furtherance of our cause. It deserves our best efforts. Let nobody lag behind.

Forward! Ever forward! Milwaukee, Wis.

BEWARE OF WILLIAM CONNORS.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—The comrades of Bridgeport wish to warn all comrades from harboring or assisting a certain William Connors, claiming to hail from North Adams, Mass. He is a square built man, about 5 feet 10 or 11 inches high, with rather dark complexion, red face and square jaw. Can be easily identified by a peculiar habit of working his lips in and out whilst speaking, and, after any prolonged sentence, moistening them with his tongue quickly two or three times. His voice is deep and he chops his sentences off quick.

He came down this way from Hartford, stopping at New Haven, where he managed to get money from comrades, and then he landed in Bridgeport. His stories were so vague, that although the comrades bitten, gave up without question, he was suspected from the first.

Probably some other comrades, silent until now, will let us know more of this grafter. One of the comrades. Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 8.

THE HOMESTRETCH FUND.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Enclosed find check for \$4. \$3 of this place in the Homestretch Fund.

For weeks I have watched the Homestretch Fund grow, thinking that next week I must get in. But, you see, I am in business, running a harness shop, manager of an opera house, a sort of "middle classer," I suppose, with mortgage on home, notes with interest to pay, bills to meet, and collections most distressingly slow; in fact, on the ragged edge

most all the while, notwithstanding I work as hard as anybody.

It is my firm conviction that the Socialist Labor Party, with the press free from debt, is the long lever that will lift justice and truth high on the throne.

Best regards, W. S. P.

Mayville, N. Y., Feb. 8.

MRS. O. M. HELD.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—Enclosed please find \$2—one for Bebel's book, "Woman Under Socialism," the other is for the Homestretch Fund. I ought to send \$20 for the latter, considering that I have \$22 a week over my board, but I have embroiled myself in the rotten hulk of semi-middle class speculation, and it will require a few months ere I clear myself of debt. Then I will assuredly send something substantial to aid the paper which I like so well.

Raymond, Cal., Feb. 6.

MRS. O. M. HELD.

To The Daily and Weekly People.—The following resolutions were adopted by Section Columbus, Ohio, as expressing the sympathy of the body for Comrade Held in the death of his wife. Mrs. Held died at the Protestant Hospital, after being there some five days, suffering from various complications, just what they were the physicians do not seem to agree upon. Typhoid fever is raging in this city, and part of the illness is attributed to the fever.

The remains of the deceased were taken from the undertaker parlors of Fletcher and Company to Union Grove Cemetery, and placed in the vault on Wednesday, the 10th inst. The child, about three weeks old, is at present being tenderly cared for by a neighbor living in the same flats as the comrade. The wives of the various comrades have a tender interest, and will do what they can in caring for this baby, left so unfortunately without a mother.

Columbus, O., Feb. 10.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, Section Columbus S. L. P., in special session, has learned of the sad bereavement of Comrade Octave M. Held, in the death of his wife, the mother of an infant daughter, Mrs. Held was a lady who impressed all who were favored with her acquaintance by her kindness to her friends. Her active interest in the Socialist movement was highly appreciated and in her death not only do the immediate friends mourn, but the Socialists sustain the loss of a co-operator; and,

Whereas, these home severings are sad wherever they occur, in the present trying period of the class struggle when they come to the home of the proletariat, whose economic relations are dependent and conditional, we recognize a deeper weight of sorrow than the class that is not embarrassed by the poverty it has to meet. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to our comrade in this hour of bereavement that has come to him; be it further

Resolved, that these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the body, and also that a copy be given to the press of the city and The Daily People of New York for publication.

S. L. P. LECTURES IN BUFFALO.

To give those who are interested in the Socialist Labor movement an opportunity to learn more about its principles than can be explained during the discussions in the Labor Lyceum, Section Buffalo has arranged for a parallel series of lectures to be delivered by members of the S. L. P. only. These lectures are held every Friday at 8:15 p. m. sharp, at Louis Kries' Hall, 232 William street, near Walnut street (two flights up). General discussion follows each lecture. Every man and woman is invited. Admission is free to all.

Feb. 19.—Wm. Cline, on "What Causes Intelligent Workingmen to Become Socialists?"

Feb. 26.—James Goward, on "The Labor Market."

BUFFALO LABOR LYCEUM.

A series of public lectures is now being held every Sunday at 3:15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street. Admission free to all.

Feb. 21.—Attorney Percival M. White, on "Reciprocity With Canada."

Feb. 28.—Rev. Clyde W. Broomell, on "The Problem of National Freedom."

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL., LECTURES.

Section East St. Louis will hold agitation meetings every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at Launtz Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenue.

Sunday, Feb. 21—"The Class Struggle," by Henry Poelling.

Sunday, Feb. 28—"Labor Power as a Commodity," Olive M. Johnson.

FOR THE GERMAN PARTY ORGAN.

Section Cleveland, S. L. P., will give a jolly entertainment and ball for the benefit of the German party organ, on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at Finkbeiner's Hall, corner Starkweather and Pelton avenues, commencing at 8 p. m.

A fine programme will be rendered and all kinds of refreshments served. Three valuable prizes will be given away as follows:

First prize—An elegant \$45 New Home sewing machine.

Second prize—A fine mandolin and case.

Third prize—A box of fine cigars.

Tickets are ten cents a person and can be had from all comrades and at the office of "Cleveland Volksfreund," 103 Champaign street, corner of Seneca. Comrades, do your best to make this affair a great success.

The Committee.

LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A ROMA TIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

G. A., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The six questions resolve themselves into four.

(1) Class-consciousness does not imply that a class shall check its career so as to prevent it from running its course and die. The capitalist class is class-conscious in its trustifications. That gives it more power as a class—while it lasts—although the ultimate result will be its downfall.

(2) The bulk of the working class is not class-conscious; it seeks improvement along economic lines that can only add elbow-grease to the capitalist class, and consequently weaken itself.

(3) The working class should not be blamed for this act of folly. A person is not responsible for what he does in ignorance.

(4) The working class has above the capitalist class the superiority that comes from being a useful class, while the capitalist class is a useless class. Hence the former has a moral strength that is latent, while the other is gangrened by the weakness of the immorality of uselessness.

T. R., SEATTLE, WASH.—The other fifty per cent. of the ten per cent., who "grandly stood by the Socialist resolutions" in Boston, turned no Somerset back—they continued in their path of whooping it up for the wrongful acts of the Mitchells, the Lynches, etc., etc. Thus fifty per cent. of the noble bormers from within went back to Gompers and the other fifty per cent. continued in Gompersism.

E. L., RAYMOND, CAL.—(1) The cases of suicides of cigarmakers reported in the International Journal were eleven.

(2) Wages are neither actually nor relatively lower if they increase but the increase is not proportional to the increase of national wealth. A thing can not increase and yet be actually lower. You are probably confounding the "share of Labor" with the "wages of Labor." A man may receive \$2 as wages out of \$4 worth produced by him; his share would be 50 per cent.; if he later receives the same \$2 but is producing \$6 worth of wealth, his wages would have remained stationary, but his share would have declined from 50 per cent. to 33 per cent. As a matter of fact both the wages and the share of Labor have declined. The actual wages, as given by the census, are lower; seeing the product of Labor has increased, its share also, is decidedly smaller.

(3) If the Trades Unions had been built upon the S. T. & L. A. plan, the workers' share would NOT have been kept so as to have to-day the wages received in the forties of last century. What would have happened is that the Socialist Republic would be now in existence, with the wage system abolished and Labor receiving its full social share. Two million workers could not be organized on the S. T. & L. A. plan in this country and capitalism last even eight years. Such a strike as the recent miners' strike, and so many other great strikes that preceded, would have been the beginning and overture of the speedy end.

D. E. D., CINCINNATI, O.—There's no mistake made or misstatement meant by the corruptionists when they say that the S. L. P. men are "impossibilists" or "impracticable." What the corruptionists—and, mind you, there is no corruptionist but he is a blockhead—mean by "impossibilist" and "impracticable" is "no chance of getting coppers." Take one example for instance, "Comrade Spargo," the English beauty-spot, whose "possibilism" and "practicableness" made him a Rev. Herron "fellowship." How else could he have been that? The S. L. P. man, who certainly will not condone speculation in rich wives, is therefore sincerely regarded by the gentleman as an "impossibilist," and decidedly "impracticable,"—and so all along the line.

J. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Do you know any labor fakir who is not a politician—a man who will never take offense? Say of them the hardest thing you like, they will ever turn up smiling and offer to shake your hand. They figure this way: "I may need this man some day, why fight him?" Not unless you actually touch their pockets, will they show their teeth.

Y. D., NEW YORK.—Plechanoff would not wipe his feet on this so-called Russian Social Democratic Party if he knew what it is.

G. WURST, NEW YORK.—This paper refuses to publish your call for funds in behalf of your so-called "Workingmen's Educational and Home Association," and thus turn into sausage the minds of its readers. Your association is run by a set of people, whose "education" consists in acting as puller-in for breweries. Get your money from the tax-paying breweries.

E. C., PERKINSVILLE, VT.—The hint will be taken and article sent to. Your assumption would be false. A million dollars laid out in plant, raw material and operating expenses, do not produce goods to the amount of \$400,000.

J. R., NEW YORK.—Granted for the sake of argument, Volkszeitung is now a Socialist paper. Do you mean that the corporation that owns it could not sell it and the "Worker" and its whole plant to anybody it pleased? To Democrats or Republicans, or what not? Do you mean your Social Democratic party could stop that game? If you mean that, ma-

dame, you are very innocent. Private ownership implies the right to sell whatever funds are donated to that concern pass beyond your party's control. And all its efforts are for a private concern, that may and does as it pleases.

L. R. T., BOSTON, MASS.—Never use that expression again—"all the papers say so." It is a foolish expression. It means a multiplicity of witnesses, but it is not so in fact. If 1,000 papers "say so" it does not mean 1,000 different witnesses; it means only 1 witness multiplied by 1,000 mouths. A central concern purveys the news, and all the papers that "say so" only repeat what the central concern said.

ALL OTHERS.—Next week.

J. E., OMAHA, NEB.; J. G. S., MARYSVILLE, WASH.; J. T., SYRACUSE, N. Y.; T. H., OMAHA, NEB.; N. R. C., DENVER, COLO.; E. N. O., RICHMOND, VA.; F. A. T., PEUBLO, COLO.; C. R. H., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; J. H. E., CAMBRIDGE, MINN.; J. A. M., SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES; C. B. W., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Matter received.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

Two hundred and seventy-eight subscriptions to The Weekly People were received for the week ending Feb. 13th. This is a gain of fifty-eight over the previous week. A large percentage of these came from the State of California, where more activity is being displayed than in any other State in pushing the circulation. Spread the field of activity, and increase the total gain next week.

The mailing list is being sent to every Section. Those who receive such lists will know why they are sent to them. There are about two hundred expirations a week now. Try to get the old readers to renew. Do not let them get out of touch with our movement. Give to each comrade a few names of persons whose time has run out, so the comrade may visit them and get them to renew. By getting the old readers to renew, and picking up a few new ones, a much better showing can be made. Always try to get yearly subs.

OFFICIAL

NEWARK, N. J. E. C.
The regular meeting of the N. E. C. was held Jan. 22, at headquarters, London, Ont. Comrade Frank Hunt presiding, and D. Ross absent and excused.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and adopted communications from Section Vancouver, stating the expulsion of Charles J. Becker, and from Comrade Leon Lazarus, containing three month's dues, also returning charter of defunct Section Brantford, were read and filed.

Considerable time was spent discussing the duty of the N. E. C. in regard to keeping new sections in working shape by supplying them with speakers from time to time, at the expense of the N. E. C. if they are unable to pay or partially pay for one themselves, until they have attained sufficient stability to withstand the shocks and fluctuations of capitalist prosperity and the general attacks of the capitalist system, but no definite conclusion was arrived at in the matter. However it was decided that each comrade give the matter his earnest thought during the intervening period before next meeting and submit his plans at same. P. Courtenay, Recording Secretary.

Headquarters, 256 1-2 Dundas street, London, Ont., 6th February, 1904.

Regular meeting of N. E. C. Comrade Geo. Bryce in the chair. All members present, except Comrade Forbes, whose absence was excused.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

Correspondence—From Vancouver, reporting names of Section Officers and enclosing \$2.50 for dues stamps. From H. M. Stewart, Fredericton, N. B., enclosing regarding S. L. P. movement in Canada. Both communications were filed, having been attended to by National Secretary.

National Secretary reported that no reply had been received from Toronto regarding the money forwarded there in trust as alleged by late Section Hamilton.

In accordance with decision of last meeting suggestions were made by several comrades as to the best means whereby sections could be assisted in building up strong and effective organizations in Canada. The main points emphasized were the necessity for increasing the distribution of more party literature, giving all possible aid by supplying speakers to sections, and stimulating, through correspondence with the N. E. C., all sections lacking in necessary activity and aggressiveness. Further, that it was necessary, in order to do such work successfully, that an organizer's fund be raised by the sections, and that thorough knowledge of organization be given to sections through the N. E. C.

It was resolved that sections be appealed to without delay to raise an organizer's fund. Also that all sections at once send in their semi-annual reports.

Accounts for postage and rents were ordered to be paid by treasurer, also that a private box be secured at the post office for all future mail, as present headquarters were to be vacated at the end of February.

D. Ross, Recording Sec'y, pro tem.

MISSOURI S. E. C.

State Committee minutes of meeting of Feb. 2. Billings, chairman. Absent with excuse, Feltman; without, Truff. Minutes approved.

Robert Hood, of Minden Mines, admitted to membership.

Correspondence from Minden Mines about party affairs; Reading, Pa., asking for information about the Davis affair; from St. Charles, asking for German literature. Secretary to reply.

Secretary reported about conference being held between this and the Illinois State Committee. He was instructed to notify the Illinois Committee that they send in their plan of action in writing.

Secretary instructed to send out notice to sections to make nominations for a delegate to National Convention. Adjourned.

HENRY J. POLLING, REC. SEC.

TO HUSTLE FOR BOSTON FAIR.
Members of the Socialist Labor Party and sympathizers are urged to send presents to the fair of the Scandinavian Socialist Club and the Massachusetts S. L. P., which will be held in Minot Hall, corner of West Springfield and Washington streets, Boston, Feb. 25, 26, 27.

This fair is held in the interest of the party organs, The People and Arboretum.

The party members in Massachusetts and its sympathizers will do far less than their duty if they fail to do all in their power to make this fair the success that it can be made if the working class, who know the value of our press, will fall to and work to assist to that end.

Do not stop there, but see that you are present at the fair on Feb. 25, 26, 27, and bring your friends along with you.

Don't wait any longer, but start and hustle and make this fair the success that it can be made, and that it will be made if you do your duty to the S. L. P., the working class and yourself.

Write us, comrades, and hustle till this fair is over. 'Tis your fight. 'Tis your class. 'Tis your press. Work for them. Fight for them. No one else will. So work!

Michael T. Berry, Sec. General Committee, Mass. S. L. P.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.
Comrades and sympathizers of the S. L. P. in Somerville, Mass.: You are urgently called upon by the Section to attend the next regular meeting, to be held Feb. 19, 8 p. m., at 68 Oxford street. There is business of great importance to attend to. If the good work that has been done in the past shall be kept alive and added to, now is the time to decide how it shall be done.

Organizer.

NEWARK, ATTENTION!
You are invited to attend the meeting of D. A. 4, on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 78 Springfield avenue, at 11 a. m., to discuss ways and means to further S. T. & L. A. organization, as recommended by the S. L. P. State Convention. There are many more millions of unorganized than organized workers. When the working class organizes on the economic field on the principles of the S. T. & L. A., the battle is won.

Boland, Organizer D. A. 4.

KINNEALLY IN PATERSON, N. J.
A free public lecture will be held under the auspices of the Passaic County Section, S. L. P., at Helvetia Hall, on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 p. m., on "The Class Struggle," by John J. Kinneally, of New York. Readers of The People and sympathizers of the Socialist Labor Party are invited to attend and bring their friends.

HUDSON COUNTY, ATTENTION!
Pursuant to resolutions adopted by the State Convention the Sections of Hudson will at once proceed to nominate the officers of the State Executive Committee, viz., Secretary, Financial Secretary, and Treasurer, for the ensuing term; the same to be submitted to a general vote throughout the State.

Also a delegate to the S. E. C. to be elected by the membership of the S. L. P. of Hudson County.

George P. Herrschaft, Sec. S. E. C.

DETROIT, MICH., AGITATION MEETINGS.
Section Detroit, Mich., will hold agitation meetings at Minnebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on the following Sunday afternoons, at 2:30 p. m., and extends an invitation to all to attend. Free discussion, open to all. The subjects and lectures are:

Feb. 21—"The Working Class and the Tactics Necessary for Their Emancipation," I. J. Le Brun.

Feb. 28—"The Crisis: Its Cause and the Remedy," C. Smith.

SECTION TORONTO'S OFFICERS.
Section Toronto, S. L. P., of Canada, elected the following officers at the regular business meeting of Wednesday, Jan. 20th: Organizer, F. Martin; J. H. Tripp, recording secretary; J. Reid, financial secretary; E. Donkin, treasurer; C. S. V. Kemp, literary agent; Reid and Witke, People agents; propaganda committee, James Reid and Tripp.

GENERAL ORGANIZER'S FUND.
Section Toronto, S. L. P., of Canada, elected the following officers at the regular business meeting of Wednesday, Jan. 20th: Organizer, F. Martin; J. H. Tripp, recording secretary; J. Reid, financial secretary; E. Donkin, treasurer; C. S. V. Kemp, literary agent; Reid and Witke, People agents; propaganda committee, James Reid and Tripp.

HEADQUARTERS OF SOCIALIST TRADE AND LABOR ALLIANCE OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA, 2-4-6 NEW READE STREET, NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1904.
To All District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers, Greeting:—

In pursuance of the action of the last National Convention of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance, the General Executive Board hereby issues a call for voluntary contributions, either in one large amount or in weekly installments, for the purpose of establishing a General Organizer's Fund, this fund to be kept intact and to be used to put and keep in the industrial field a General Organizer, who shall agitate, organize and help in the upbuilding of the Alliance throughout the country.

Any organizations in the S. T. & L. A. that may have an idle fund in their treasuries are urged to place it at the disposal of the G. E. B. for this work, and they shall receive in return the immediate benefit of an organizer. Act quickly. Work must now be pushed and results accomplished. Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, General Secretary, 2-4-6 New Reade street, New York.

By order General Executive Board, S. T. & L. A. John J. Kinneally, General Secretary.

Previously acknowledged.....\$106 65
L. A. 325, Los Angeles, Cal. monthly contribution..... 3 25
C. J. Wolf, Richmond, Va. (member-at-large)..... 80
Eugene Fischer, 28th A. D., N. Y. (50 cents weekly pledge)..... 1 00
J. J. Plomondon, 23d A. D., N. Y. 1 00
J. K. 23d A. D., N. Y..... 50
L. A. 140, N. Y. (weekly pledges):
F. Welnert..... 50
P. R. Sullivan..... 40
J. J. Kinneally..... 20
J. McCloud..... 10
A. Bartel..... 10
— Pearson..... 10
J. Newman..... 10
J. Lahey..... 10
Total to date.....\$311 89

SECTION SOUTH HUDSON, N. J.
The regular meeting of Section South Hudson, N. J., will be held Friday, Feb. 19, 8 p. m., at 143 Poconco avenue, Jersey City. All members are requested to appear.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS \$4,543, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged.....\$3,465.63
F. Dahl, Sec. Richmond Co., N. Y. 5.00
J. Murphy, Los Angeles, Cal. 1.00
E. Lemmon, Raymond, Cal. 1.00
Sec. Madison Co., Illinois 5.00
P. Schweinburg, Chicago, Ill. 2.50
T. Edginton, Centre Oak, Pa. 40
F. Serr, New Haven, Ct. 10
A. Anderson, Colo. Springs, Colo. 50
P. A. Fogelberg, Decatur, Wash. 1.00
N. Pierson, Decatur, Wash. 1.00
W. S. Patterson, Mayville, N. Y. 3.00
New Machine, Jersey City, N. J. 1.00
H. Spittal, Erie, Pa. 1.00
J. F. Gingerbach, Erie, Pa. 1.00
A. Black, Erie, Pa. 30
C. J. Sabowski, Portchester, N. Y. 2.00
W. Goodhue, Chicago, Ill. 50
Win. Van Vost, Sec. Richmond Co., N. Y. 1.00
Section Toronto, Ont., Can. 5.00
W. Thompson, Toronto, Ont., Can. 2.00
W. Willward, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
W. Pickering, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
J. H. Tripp, Toronto, Ont., Can. 2.00
P. Kemp, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
C. Woodley, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
Mrs. C. Kemp, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
C. Kemp, Toronto, Ont., Can. 2.00
Miss V. Funston, Toronto, Ont., Can. 50
T. S. Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
S. Frost, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
L. Gordon, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
W. J. B. Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
F. J. W. Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
T. S. Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
W. Funston, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
Friend, Toronto, Ont., Can. 1.00
J. Coulter, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
C. Coulter, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
F. Coulter, Toronto, Ont., Can. 25
J. Eiben, Cleveland, O. 50
A. Menke, Cleveland, O. 3.00
R. Boehm, Cleveland, O. 4.00
H. Aluhn, Cleveland, O. 2.00
Wolf, per Fuerst, Cleveland, O. 3.00
J. Plomondon, N. Y. City 1.00
J. K., N. Y. City 50
R. Johnson, Troy, N. Y. 1.00
Chas. Ott, N. Y. City 1.00
O. Schwitzgebel, Kansas City, Mo. 50

\$3,530.93

SPECIAL FUND.
[As per circular letter of Sept. 3d, 1901.]
Previously acknowledged.....\$8,007.44
Louis Haller, Los Angeles, Cal. (Loan certificates)..... 60.00

\$8,127.44

SOCIALIST WOMEN.
Call On All to Turn To and Make the Grand Central Palace Bazaar a Splendid Success.

The Daily People Ladies' Auxiliary calls upon comrades and sympathizers of the movement to lend their efforts to the work of making the grand bazaar and entertainment to be held on Sunday, March 20, 1904, at Grand Central Palace, the success that its object merits. All who wish to contribute presents are requested to send them to L. A. Belson, 2-6 New Reade street, Manhattan.

In connection with this affair, it is hoped that all interested in the spread of Socialist propaganda will realize the necessity of establishing the party press upon a solid basis. Toward the accomplishment of this desirable purpose the proceeds of the entertainment will be employed, and beyond this one may, whilst helping along the work of the working-class enlightenment, enjoy a day of pleasure in the congenial company of the comrades in the battle.

Take hold of the work; push the sale of tickets.

Members who have not yet secured tickets are urged to get a supply from their Assembly District or from L. A. Belson, 2-6 New Reade street, Manhattan.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.
Section New York, Socialist Labor Party.

A regular meeting was held Saturday, February 6, 1904, 8:30 p. m., in The Daily People building, 2-6 New Reade street, Manhattan.

Chairman, H. Dentsch; vice-chairman, F. Brauchman.

Twenty-five new delegates were seated.

Eight new members were admitted.

A call for the National Executive Committee on the question of sending a delegate to the International Socialist Congress was referred to the Assembly Districts.

Acting on a call from the New York State Executive Committee for nomination of delegates to the National Convention, the following nominations were made and referred to the Assembly Districts: Daniel De Leon, Samuel French, Timothy Walsh, A. C. Kihn, John Hall, J. J. Kinneally, H. Koher, S. J. Mummery, A. Gillhaus, R. J. Downs, H. Dentsch, D. Grancy, J. Sherrer, Edwin L. Archer, A. Levin, L. M. Weider, H. Teichlauf, H. R. Englert, P. Twomey, L. A. Banna, F. Brauckman and I. H. Weisberger.

In answer to a call from the National

Executive Committee for nominations for the seat of the National Convention, New York city was chosen.

A letter from the 26th Assembly District, Manhattan, was ruled out of order.

The resignation of Louis Leroux—French branch—was accepted.

A committee on by-laws of the Kings County Committee reported it had found nothing in conflict with the National Constitution or Section By-Laws, and so the same were adopted.

The action of the Organizer in engaging Glendale Schuetzen Park for July Fourth Picnic was indorsed.

The Organizer reported that the books had been audited and found correct, and that printed financial reports would be forthcoming in a few days.

The New York County Committee reported the engagement of Cooper Union for Monday, May 2, 1904, to celebrate International Labor Day, and its action was indorsed; as was also its action in arranging for two lectures by Daniel De Leon, one on "The Burning Question of Trades Unionism," on Tuesday, Feb. 16, 1904, and the other in March, exact date and subject to be announced later.

The Auditing Committee reported on July 4, 1903, picnic:

Receipts.....\$425 88
Expenses..... 114 45
Paid to Section N. Y. \$159 45
Paid to Daily People.. 151 98

\$311 43

An emphatic protest was entered by the Auditing Committee on the laxity of Assembly Districts in settling for tickets of party affairs; growing out of the discussion which ensued it was decided to extend the time for settlement on all past party affairs tickets held by Assembly Districts until March 1, 1904, and charge Assembly Districts with all tickets held by them after that date.

The election of the following officers and committees for the ensuing term was then made: Organizer and financial secretary, L. A. Belson; recording secretary, A. C. Kihn; treasurer, F. A. Olpp; credential committee, A. Sater, A. Moren, S. Winauer; grievance committee, E. Moonella, C. C. Crawford, J. Weisberger; entertainment committee, Mrs. F. Brauckman, P. Walsh, J. Sherrer, M. Heyman, J. Neuhaus, A. Anderson; delegates to D. A. 49, S. T. & L. A., S. Winauer, H. Deutsch, Ivor Baldell; auditing committee, Section New York, A. Ruhnke, P. M. Frazer, E. Mueller; auditing committee, State and National, A. Francis, A. Moren, F. A. Olpp.

After appointing a committee to systematize the work of street speakers, and another on leaflets, adjournment followed.

A. C. Kihn, Secretary.

FIRST IN FIELD

(Continued from page 1.)

ventions of the party, and, as in the case of our Comrade Klawnski, he having advocated the principles of the S. T. & L. A. and its final aim to overthrow capitalism at the ballot box by means of the S. L. P., recognize it as our plain duty to protect and assist such advocates, and to use all legal means to carry this object to its final aim and purpose.

Attempts were also made to form organizations in Hackensack and Rahway.

Your committee must in duty report a slight decrease in the vote in the last general election, owing, no doubt, to two causes: First, the increase in the vote at the previous election had been somewhat phenomenal, owing probably to Kangaroo agitation, as that vote increased more at the previous and suffered more at the last election than ours. Second, we must not overlook the fact that in times of seeming prosperity the unthinking masses will blindly follow the advice of those (whom they are taught by a prostituted press, prostituted pulpits, aided and abetted by prostituted politicians and labor fakirs) give them work.

The new plan of organization of the S. E. C. worked well and saved considerable trouble and expense in the correspondence line, as well as keeping the several sections in touch; although your committee regrets that some sections made changes much more frequently than they should, thus removing delegates from activity before they had acquired the experience necessary to equip them for the work.

Report received and adopted.

WAYS AND MEANS.
The coming campaign being a national one, the State Committee will require more funds than usual, for the purpose of placing candidates in all the Congressional Districts of the State, as well as for the purpose of carrying on a vigorous campaign throughout the State. The very fact of a Congressional ticket being in the field will add to our State vote. This is a work that takes time and money. Signatures will have to be gathered in the unorganized districts, and where sympathizers cannot be induced to do the work a canvasser will have to be sent.

This committee recommends as the most feasible plan the holding of picnics or such other affairs as the sections may see fit. The total profits of such affairs to go to the State Committee for the purpose of placing the ticket throughout the State and for carrying on campaigns.

We suggest that such be held between now and July 10th, with the understanding that as much money as possible be turned into the State Executive Committee by June 1st, so as to enable the committee to get at the work early.

PRESS AND LITERATURE.
This committee indorses the present style of leaflets and pamphlets as issued by the Labor News Co. Further, we endorse the Party Press—The Daily, Weekly, and Monthly People, as well as the Socialist Arbeiter Zeitung—for their method of agitation and propagation of the principles of scientific and class-conscious Socialism, uncompromising in its attitude toward fakirism and fraud of every description.

We urge our party members that they endeavor, in every way possible, to further the circulation of the party press, particularly The Weekly People, as the best means to spread the knowledge necessary to the building up of a sound and progressive working class party.

It is well, in view of the crookedness, rottenness and graft of the governing powers and the capitalists' class, particularly clear in Colorado at the present time, but just as applicable to conditions everywhere, that the new pamphlet entitled, "Behind the Scenes," be thoroughly and widely circulated.

Having had the experience for the past year in the matter of official State canvassers for The Weekly People, and believing that results would be much better by previous advertising in various ways, such as debates with outspoken capitalist defenders, public meetings, and the distribution of The Daily or Weekly People, with notice of such meetings and debates, we recommend that the State Committee act as the executive in plotting and distributing the State for the purpose of holding these meetings, etc., which are to precede the efforts of the canvasser. All sections and districts to be strictly responsible for the meetings as assigned.

We further recommend that the State Committee see to it that the districts or plots assigned to the various sections be thoroughly covered by posters and cards advertising The Daily People, and that at specific times as designated by State Committee, the various sections, etc., report as to work done as assigned.

We further recommend that the State Committee communicate with such sympathizers as it can reach, for the purpose of distributing literature and The Monthly People, the expense to be borne by the State Committee.

RESOLUTIONS.
Resolved, That the seat of the State Executive Committee be in Hudson County. The sections of said county to make nominations for officers of the S. E. C., same to be subject to a general vote of all the members in the State. All members and officers of the S. E. C. before taking office shall be duly pledged to uphold and defend the principles and tactics of the S. L. P. and its Trade Union policy as laid down at the last National Convention.

NEW JERSEY S. E. C.
The State Executive Committee of the S. L. P. of New Jersey will meet at headquarters of Section Hoboken, N. J., Fourth and Garden streets, on Sunday, Feb. 21, at 2:30 p. m.

Geo. P. Herrschaft, Secretary.

S. L. P. OF AUSTRALIA
(Continued from page 1.)

108,312, whilst the honest elected Senator's vote was 188,800.

The names and votes of the Socialist Labor Party candidates were:

Andrew Thomson.....25,976
Jas. O. Moroney.....25,924
P. H. Drake.....17,870

Last time our vote was only a little over 5,000 for the highest and 3,000 the lowest. We have enormously increased our vote in three years, so far as numbers go, though it is extremely difficult to say what is the exact total Socialist vote. We are inclined to take the lowest candidate's vote, as the one which, obtained the class conscious vote, and after making every deduction, we think it is a safe estimate to assume that 8,000 represents the total vote.

After making every allowance and deduction, we can safely say our vote has trebled in three years, and we feel proud of the position our party has gained in Australian politics. The work of the campaign will show its full effects later on, and we are prepared to work and work, knowing that our cause is winning all the time.

Australia is not yet fully developed industrially, but politically is one of the most advanced in the world. We therefore face the future with hope and courage.

To our American comrades with us in the fight we send our Australian contribution to the members of the Socialist army. We know a success in one place means a success for all. They will be pleased to know that our vote was asked for only on clear, definite lines—no compromise or fusion with any one.

This brief outline should be a message of hope and courage, should be a stimulus to our comrades everywhere, as it is to us, to keep on fighting until we lay securely in every land the foundations of the Socialist Republic.

Whilst our progress may seem slow, and the road long and dreary, yet to the plain, conscious-convinced Socialist nothing but advance is seen all along the line. The revolutionary Socialists of the world are doing the work which is the compelling force everywhere. With the maintenance of the high moral and political standard demanded and their inflexible adherence to principle, standing as pillars of granite in every land, they are the hope and salvation of Labor.

Jas. O. Moroney, General Secretary Australian Socialist League.

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.
The members of North Vassalboro Woolen Weavers' Union, L. A. 392, Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, are on strike in the mills of the American Woolen Company at North Vassalboro, Maine. The strike was brought on by the tactics of a slave-driving boss, who not only reduced wages and piled on annoying rules and restrictions, but tried to drive the organized workers out of business by discharging and blacklisting the active members of L. A. 392.

The weavers are determined to fight it out, and L. A. 392 appeals to all members of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and all others in sympathy with their struggle for better conditions, to render whatever financial assistance they possibly can in order that the battle may be fought to a successful finish. All money donated will be acknowledged in The Daily and Weekly People. Send contributions to John J. Kinneally, Gen. Sec., S. T. & L. A., 2-6 New Reade street New York, or Sam J. French, care of Daily People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

Amos E. Handy, Rec. Sec. L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., North Vassalboro, Maine.

COLUMBUS LABOR LYCEUM.
Readers of The People in Columbus O., will please take notice of a series of meetings that are being held at Odd Fellows' Temple, 193 1-2 South High street, every Sunday, at 2:30, standard time. Admission is free. A collection is taken to meet expenses of hall rent. Ladies are invited.

FIRST IN FIELD

(Continued from page 1.)

Resolved, That this Convention unqualifiedly endorse the economic arms of the Socialist Labor Party and the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, and that we call upon the members of the party, wherever possible to join the locals of the S. T. & L. A. and to organize new locals wherever there is none organized.

Resolved, That each county have one delegate on the S. E. C.

After hearing the reports of the committees, nominations were declared in order. They were made as above.

On motion the S. E. C. was empowered to fill any or all vacancies on the State ticket.

The next convention to be held at Newark.

George P. Herrschaft, Secretary.

CLEVELAND (OHIO) LECTURES.
Section Cleveland, S. L. P., has arranged for the following lectures:

Sunday, February 21—"Attitude of the S. L. P. Towards Trades Unionism," Speaker, F. Seymour.

Sunday, March 6—"Effect of Machinery on the Working Class," Speaker, John Kircher.

These lectures take place at 3 p. m. at Section Hall, 356 Ontario street, top floor (German-American Bank Building). All workingmen and their friends and especially the readers of The Weekly People are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.

GRAND FAIR
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

SCANDINAVIAN SOCIALIST CLUB
—AND—

S. L. P. OF BOSTON, MASS.
MINOT HALL,

Cor. W. Springfield and Washington Sts., Boston
—ON—

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
February 25, 26, 27, 1904.

Presents for the Fair will be thankfully received and forwarded by the following persons.

James F. Stevens, 16 Lynde St., Boston.
Mrs. K. W. Anderson, 9 Kenney St., Jamaica Plain.
Mrs. H. C. Hess, 87 Lamartine St., Jamaica Plain.
Mrs. Dyer Enger, 1196 Tremont St., Boston.
Mrs. J. W. Johnson, 27 Codman Park, Roxbury.
Mrs. A. Vickstrom, 1 Summer Court, Dorchester.
Mrs. Geo. Nelson, 9 Wave Ave., Savin Hill.
S. Swanson, 34 Woodward St., So. Boston.
Thos. P. Gallagher, 426 Boston St., Lynn.

Mrs. J. A. Jacobson, 62 Storey St., So. Boston.
Christopher Hogan, 34 Orleans St., East Boston.
M. G. Powers, 30 Chapman St., Charlestown.
Miss Sophie Fuglestad, 37 Crescent Ave., No. Camb.
John Sweeney, 75 Prospect St., Cambridge.
Mrs. A. Mortensen, 15 Pritchard Ave., Somerville.
Peter Neilsen, 74 Broad St., Woburn.
Chas. H. Chabot, Broadway, Everett.
Mrs. Frederick Hanscn, 6 Elm St., Everett.

This Fair is held in the interest of the working class. Every friend and sympathizer of the working class movement is cordially invited to send along their presents.

Members and sympathizers of the Socialist Labor Party are urgently requested to send presents to the addresses given above, and the working class are called upon to aid in any way possible this Fair which is given for the purpose of aiding the Daily People and the Arboretum. Three-fourths of the proceeds go to the Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts. The General Committee of the Mass. Socialist Labor Party will use its share of the proceeds to purchase twenty Daily People Loan